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THE CURIOUS STORY OF DR. MARSHALL

WITH A FEW SIDE LIGHTS ON NAPOLEON AND OTHER PERSONS OF CONSEQUENCE

JOSEPH WHITMAN BAILEY

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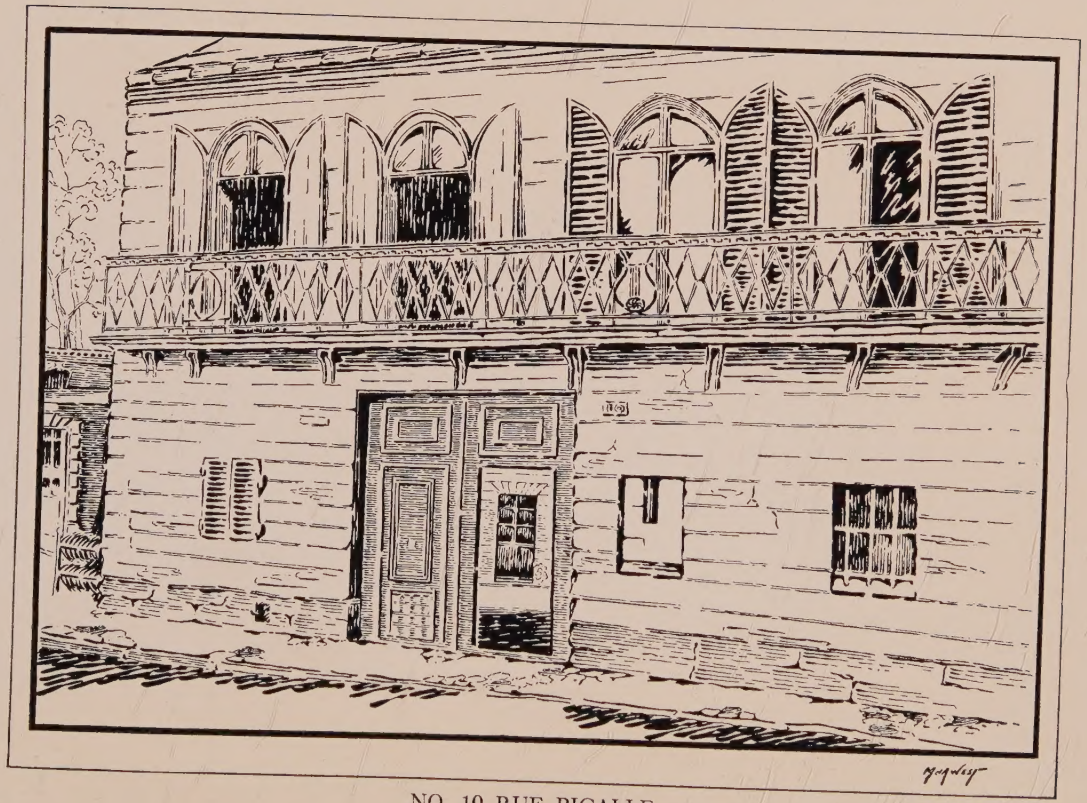

NO. 10 RUE PIGALLE

THE CURIOUS STORY OF DR. MARSHALL

WITH A FEW SIDE LIGHTS ON NAPOLEON AND OTHER PERSONS OF CONSEQUENCE

JOSEPH WHITMAN BAILEY

Author of

"St. John River in Maine, Quebec and New Brunswick"

"Loring Woart Bailey, the Story of a Man of Science," etc.

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FOREWORD

Very close scrutiny has been given to the more eventful periods in human history; and yet, notwithstanding the diligence of the research, a few not wholly unimportant characters have failed to focus the attention of the historian and biographer. Among these neglected actors in that great drama of life that centered principally about the fall of Napoleon we note Dr. Joseph Head Marshall. Attention was called to this long deceased practitioner by various curious memoranda in the possession of his descendants. Extended investigation in many libraries of America and Europe disclosed numerous references to him, often very brief but occasionally of considerable length; references that aroused no little interest and stimulated further inquiry. An experienced investigator, who had performed similar services while in government employ, delved deeply into the archives of France. In the Record Office in London, in Naples, and in other likely places, myriads of dusty documents were overhauled. Here and there important evidence would seem to have been willfully destroyed. In one case, for example, a card catalogue made by the French

police, referred by numbers to certain papers in the Archives National in Paris, but these papers were missing from the proper box, although all others appeared in place. When we consider the Doctor's relations with Fouché, then Minister of Police, the cause of this abstraction is not far to seek. Occasionally, as in Donn Byrne's novel, "Field of Honor," the Doctor appears unexpectedly in the realm of fiction.

However, as a general result of the search, Dr. Marshall, partly rescued from obscurity, was shown to have played a rather unique role in the widely divergent spheres of medicine and politics, especially the medicine of the Jennerian epoch, the intricate politics of later Napoleonic times. Although his activities could not be wholly exposed, a subdued light was thrown on many of them, and we trust that the following pages may not be lacking in some historic and general interest.

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THE CURIOUS STORY OF DR. MARSHALL

Chapter I

INTRODUCTORY

Although a family may live in more or less obscurity for a long period, successive generations being quickly relegated to oblivion by their successors, a time usually arrives when someone bearing the name is enabled by individuality or by exceptional opportunity to make a few little splashes and eddies in the broad stream of life. In a certain limited sense such a person is the "founder" of a family, for his immediate descendants usually undergo some change in mental outlook that causes them to strive, usually in vain, to emulate the new ancestor. But if any descendants of Dr. Joseph Head Marshall, of somewhat mysterious memory, are thus desirous of emulating his career, we advise them not to follow his footsteps too accurately, as even in this very indulgent twentieth century political plots, especially when followed by overt acts, occasionally lead their perpetrators into troublesome situations.

Our worthy doctor, whose decidedly unusual career merits some study and reflection, was born — somewhere as yet unknown — on the first of July, and most probably in the year 1768. Although his parentage is yet undiscovered, tradition says he was one of twins and that he appeared upon the scene in the sixteenth year of his parents' wedlock. His arms were those of various branches of the Marshall family, "Argent, a chevron verte between three crescents gules." These arms, in a diary left by his eldest son, are bracketed with those of the rather ancient family of Elrington. The family name of his first wife Dorothy has also passed into oblivion, although she is known to have been a cousin of picturesque old John Walker, of geographic celebrity, of whom much hereafter; nor is anything definite known of his first family, except that a daughter, also called Dorothy, became the wife of Rinaldi, a prominent advocate in Paris.

Prior to 1811 Dr. Marshall, his first wife having, we hope, for in this respect the records are silent, ceased to legally fetter his inclinations, espoused Elizabeth Golding Elrington, a young lady possessed of a disposition for adventure and political intrigue that fully matched his own. By her he had a family of twelve. She also, although very young, for by the family report she was wife,

mother and widow at seventeen years of age, had been previously married to Capt. Henry M——, of the British Army, by whom she had one son, Col. William A. J. M——, a gallant officer, who, after serving all through the Indian Mutiny, received an appointment on the staff of the Viceroy.

Elizabeth, born October 31, 1791, in the Parish of Vere in Jamaica, where various members of her family had been settled as planters for many years, was maternally descended from the Scottish Maxwells; and her connections spread widely to include such famous houses as Herries, Stewart, Douglas, Morton, and many others. One of her near ancestors, indeed, might possibly have proved his claim to the Earldom of Nithsdale except for the attainder for high treason of the erratic fifth earl, for his part in a Jacobite conspiracy. As described in great detail in some of the encyclopedias and biographies the countess of this fifth earl, after vainly appealing to King George for a pardon, smuggled her husband out of the Tower of London in a very romantic manner and only a few hours before he was to have been beheaded. Attainders for high treason are certainly inconvenient incorporeal hereditaments to have in a family. Tourists visiting Scotland today find no more picturesque ruin than

Carlaverock Castle, on the estuary of the Nith, an impressive monument to the ancient house of Maxwell.

When in his later years Dr. Marshall received the title of Baron d'Avray, apparently for his strenuous and hazardous political services in the cause of the Bourbons, his male offspring took the hyphenated name of Marshall-d'Avray, and his daughters remained Marshalls. Subsequent male descendants dropped the Marshall from the name entirely, becoming simply d'Avrays, so at least in regard to name the Doctor became the common ancestor of two families, a rather unique genealogical performance in the nineteenth century, although a common occurrence in feudal times, when children severally took the name of the various manors owned by their parents.

Having introduced Dr. Marshall as a mysterious person, we would like to finally dismiss him with all doubts duly clarified, but this unfortunately is not possible. Owing to destruction of much original evidence, in some cases willful destruction, many actions of the Doctor, and of those immediately about him, must remain unexplained. As, however, these shadowy events frequently bear upon historical matters of no small importance they cannot be ignored. Students of the period are at liberty to put their own

construction upon them. One thing seems clear enough. In the critical year 1815 Dr. Marshall, having abandoned a promising medical career for the allurements of politics and court life, held a rather unique position in Paris. To no small extent he enjoyed the confidence of Louis XVIII, the Prince Regent of England, Wellington, Castlereagh, Murat and Ferdinand of Naples; to a limited extent the confidence of Napoleon as well. Naturally he became the agent for some very delicate diplomacy. Having pronounced personal views and ambitions, he found it difficult to keep within the limits of a merely passive agency. Consequently the plots thickened about him, and he moved at times in a veil of mystery that no amount of investigation can ever effectually remove.

Chapter II

IN THE PEACEFUL VALE OF GLOUCESTER

Dr. Marshall's medical career is noteworthy, in the first place, from his early association with the famous Dr. Edward Jenner, at the time of the latter's great experiments with vaccine inoculation, and secondly by his (Marshall's) introduction of the Jennerian methods for the first time into the coastal regions and islands of the Mediterranean. Some family relationship seems to have existed between tutor and pupil, as the Doctor had "Head" for his middle name while Jenner's mother was Sarah, daughter of the Reverend Henry Head, Vicar of Berkeley and Prebend of Bristol.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century the smallpox had become about the worst scourge of mankind. One person in seven is said to have died from it, a rate of mortality that just about parallels that of another dreadful and ever increasing malady today — cancer. Yet Jenner did not claim, as many suppose, to be the discoverer of the effects of cow-pox on the human frame, for various farm hands had previously experienced the results of accidental inoculation. His fame

rests on the fact that he first pointed out, after years of laborious work, how practical immunity from the more dread disease could be obtained from a widespread inoculation with the milder one. Within three years of his early publications his methods had spread to all civilized parts of the earth, and from all sides arose a mixed outburst of approval and condemnation, probably greater than any that has ever before or since attended a new medical discovery. Jenner became *persona grata* to all the crowned heads of Europe. When, on one occasion, Napoleon had refused pardon to some political offenders, the Empress Josephine, it is said, happened to call his attention to the fact that Dr. Jenner had sought his clemency in their behalf. "Jenner!" exclaimed the Emperor. "I can refuse nothing to that man." As the sequel will show, Dr. Marshall may easily have been one of these very offenders. Quite probably his first acquaintance with Napoleon originated in a Jennerian introduction. Colonel M——, his stepson, possessed for many years a quaint snuffbox presented to him in his early youth by the Emperor, at a time when Napoleon was probably well aware of the role, half friendly, half hostile, that Dr. Marshall was playing in the events leading to his final abdication.

Jenner's fame spread with such rapidity, and

the desire to honor him was so great, that people going abroad often secured certificates signed by him, which were generally accepted as passports. But no amount of adulation could spoil Edward Jenner. When the medical societies urged his removal to London, explaining to him that his professional income would soon become immense, Jenner replied that he preferred his quiet home in Berkeley to anything the metropolis could offer. Among the physicians most widely known in the period for their connection with vaccination was Dr. John Ring who, in his treatise on the cow-pox, remarks, "By Jenner I have been introduced to his friend Dr. Marshal, so eminently distinguished for his extensive and successful labours in the same vineyard with himself." Drs. Woodville and Tanner, the principal producers of vaccine lymph, also speak highly of Marshall's early experiments. It is noteworthy that our whole modern medical science of immunology really developed from the investigations of this small group of physicians.

Another doctor, John Walker, soon added his endeavors to those of the other experimenters; indeed he devoted the remainder of a long life to this branch of science. Few such unique characters as Dr. John have ever been born, and as Dr. Marshall's first wife was his cousin, and the two

doctors spent several adventurous years in close companionship, we feel compelled to give more than passing notice to his eccentricities. He dabbled in poetry and prose with Johnsonian pomposity of style but with very little of Johnson's genius. His fiancée, Anna Bowman, having a comfortable little property and a laudable desire to expedite matrimony, paid his expenses at Leyden University, where he graduated in 1799. As he puts it, "then did my Anna live in London vast." Walker leaned towards Quakerism, but the Society of Friends could never quite make up their minds to admit such an odd character into their fold. On one occasion, so various were his eccentricities, he pulled up the tombstone of Abel Strettel, a relative, in a quiet country churchyard, not considering the deceased worthy of the eulogium inscribed thereon. When in Paris, Walker created an uproar in the Chamber of Deputies by refusing to take off his hat. "I find it much easier," he says, "to keep on my hat in the presence of men possessed of wealth, or decked with honours, than to remain bowed in spirit before them. It happened while in Paris such a libromanie seized me that all the spare sous I could muster were laid out in books, at the time even that I found it difficult to get along the slippery streets, through failure of my shoes, and

when the buttons of my clothes were running scanty." Dr. James Moore says, "Walker had a very strange appearance, uncouth manners, homely language and unintelligible arguments, so he made many conversions." Moore, however, had a rather waspish disposition, with a tendency to decry his coworkers, excepting Jenner and a few others, and he compared very unfavorably with his famous brother, Gen. Sir John Moore, beloved of the army, who, as the well-known poem informs us, was buried at Corunna "By the struggling moonbeams' misty light and the lantern dimly burning." Walker, unlike his long forgotten detractors, has a place in the biographies. His geographical gazeteer, published at the close of the eighteenth century, went through three editions and was widely distributed in various countries.

In the spring of 1800 Dr. Walker, with his bride and cousin, made a journey from the north to visit Dr. Marshall and his family at the quiet little village of Eastington, near Stonehouse, in the beautiful Vale of Gloucester. The journey was mostly by coach but in part by barge down the then turbid Severn, its waters high and discolored with the reddish soils through which the river winds its tortuous way. In a cove along the estuarial portion of this interesting stream the

THE CHURCH AT EASTINGTON

travelers beheld at anchor what was indeed a wonderful thing for those days, an iron ship.

We quote from Walker's "Fragments of Letters," a strange old tome of rambling philosophy. "There was something romantic in the manner of our arrival at Eastington, at least it was very affecting and interesting to myself. We came by the stage coach from Worcester to Gloucester, where we took a chaise. In this we were passed on the road by a horseman, whom, as turning his head, we discovered to be my cousin's brother-in-law (Dr. Marshall). After stopping to exchange a few inquiries, he rode forward to inform his family of our approach, and left my cousin the leisure for reflection, which produced a few tears. I was glad to see the effusion, in this child of sensibility, hoping that it would lessen the effect of the meeting of her sister and the children, whom she had not seen for some years, in which she herself, as well as her little nieces, had been increasing in stature. When drawing up to the gate we found the children with their father, already come out to meet us, and we walked up the garden, all together.

"After dinner my friend informed me that application had been made from Naples for the introduction of the vaccine inoculation in that country, and that he had been chosen to be the

bearer of it, if he would consent, which he would only do on the terms of my associating myself with him in the mission. My dear cousin, his wife, would only consent to his going on these terms, and on those of my wife's continuing with her till our return. The *pours* and *contres* were seriously considered, and an assent, bold or timid, being individually expressed, he set off the ensuing day for town (London), leaving me for a time in the uninterrupted possession of all the social gratification arising out of the family and neighborhood, with the pleasure besides of retirement, leisure and books, *et otio literato non multa sunt dulciora.* Then did I also indulge myself in that sort of aerial castle-building which is still in my power, and which men of genius may despise and men of prudence avoid." Walker was enraptured with his surroundings. "Stonehouse and Eastington," he says, "are situated in that fertile and beautiful Vale of Gloucestershire, through which the canal is insinuated, which, passing about two miles under a hill, at Somerton, between Stroud and Cirencester, unites the Severn and the Thames, a vale where agriculture, manufactures and commerce uniting, render the country cheerful and populous. How pleasing is it to see manufacturies carried on where the working people have fresh air, and room to walk, and take

healthful diversion in the fields, what cheerful ideas arise on the sight of the sail of commerce, on the noise of mills impelled by the stream, pleasingly sounding in its fall, among the woods and fields of this beautiful country!" Dr. Marshall's abode, surrounded by shrubbery, was at some distance, perhaps a half mile, from the village of Eastington.

According to Dr. Ring, Dr. Marshall, during his preparatory visit to London, inoculated "near a thousand," and he comments on the high spirit and enthusiasm Marshall then and thereafter displayed in his work. In London Marshall interviewed the commander in chief of the army, His Royal Highness Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, the second son of George III. The Duke, notwithstanding his conspicuous failure as a field commander, devoted himself with the greatest vigor and success to all matters pertaining to the health and welfare of the army and navy, and fully appreciating the importance of the new medical discovery in its relation to military affairs, gave Marshall letters to General O'Hara, then Governor of Gibraltar, and to the Hon. Arthur Paget, His Majesty's Minister at the Court of Sicily. In the following April Adm. Lord Keith and Maj. John Hely Hutchinson, afterwards second Earl of Donoughmore, in mak-

ing their report, express "a sincere pleasure in recommending Drs. Marshall and Walker, for their indefatigable zeal in the service, to H. R. H. the Duke of York."

Walker continues, "I remained for some weeks with the many dear objects of my affection. Dr. Marshall returned on the 20th. of the 6th. month (1800), and, on the ensuing day, we set out from Stonehouse, where we left our wives and other near relatives in a delicious retreat, parting with us in great affliction, and with anxious solicitude for our success in an undertaking which they could not but approve. When we had broken from their embraces, with the most comforting words we could offer, we avoided the avenue direct from the house, where the view of our retiring steps would have caused increased affliction, and in pity to their feelings, rushed along a retired and shaded walk to the stage coach which waited for us in the public road." "This act of departure," comments Dr. John Epps, Walker's biographer, "although apparently trivial, was very full of the language of affection." As the two travelers passed through Bath, the first considerable town, Dr. Walker, after carefully noting the appearance of the people, became considerably ruffled at the general aspect of things. "There has," he says, "been a disorder intro-

duced into society in modern times by what is termed fashion. How many are oppressed by the capricious change of the form of a button? How many comfortable situations are ruined by the sudden adoption of shoe-strings instead of buckles, or other such caprice!" Some seedy looking fellows, evidently too poor to be dealers in either buttons or buckles, he concludes to be artists or poets. Pausing at one of the inns, a lady in somewhat ultrafashionable attire entered the coffee room. "Never before," says the amazed doctor, "did I see such a display of moving thorax, under respiration, in a woman of unquestioned respectability." Indeed the Bath of this period was perhaps the most famous resort of the *beau monde* in all England.

"Though we posted all night we were hardly ever detained half an hour in changing chaises, and had only occasion to take one solid refreshment along our journey, having set off after dinner, and getting into Portsmouth in time for breakfast. On reaching Portsmouth we found our sailing orders not yet arrived, and this gave us opportunity of endeavoring to divert the grief of an afflicted woman, our fellow-traveller. She was the nurse who had for several years attended the children of my associate, and the wife of a seaman who had been impressed about six years

before and whom she had hoped, but vainly, to find at Portsmouth."

In those days the high-handed and irresponsible methods of the press gangs caused untold misery to many a humble family. So crude a form of conscription, however, could not long endure, and, although never formally abrogated, the custom fell into complete disuse at the close of the Napoleonic period.

During the prolonged delay at Portsmouth the two doctors amused themselves, like modern tourists, in visiting Southampton, the Isle of Wight, picturesque old Netley Abbey, Hilsea, Gosport, and other points of interest. "Dining late at Southampton we concluded on taking tea late, instead of eating supper, and this was made so strong that it kept us from sleeping." As a servant or orderly was necessary in their new semi-military capacities they jointly employed a young Tuscan, Fortunatus Cornelius "with the prefix of St. Vincent when he writes his name in full. We call him Fort." "Our Tuscan accompanied us in the expedition to Southampton, and as we strolled about I conversed with him a little in the Italian, while my associate and another friend were company for each other in the English." "Till the last, even until we got under way from Cowes, one acquaintance or other was com-

ing on board to see us. Till the last my colleague and I had the means of writing to our wives; till the day of our departure the gratification of the responding letter." Jenner wrote to Walker, "I am extremely happy to find that you are to accompany Dr. Marshall in his very important tour. My best wishes attend you both. If this shall reach you in time pray request Dr. Marshall to give me a line, saying whether he fulfilled his promise of sending something to Mrs. Jenner." Dr. Cooper, afterwards Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., the most famous surgeon of his time, was to have bid them farewell, but duties connected with his recent election as a surgeon to Guy's Hospital prevented his arrival in time. Sir Astley's creation in later years by King Louis Phillipe as a baron and chevalier de St. Louis affords an interesting point of similarity between his own career and that of his friend Marshall.

Chapter III

WITH THE GRAND FLEET

In the stirring days of which we write, the French, following Bonaparte's victories in the Mediterranean, had declared a protectorate over Egypt. Among the various fleets sent out by England to dispossess them was that under Lord Keith, which sailed for Gibraltar on July 18, 1800, after a detention of two or three weeks in Cowes Roads. Our worthy doctors had quarters on the flagship *H. M. S. Endymion.*

"In the course of the day," says Walker, "we passed the Needles, and leaving the chalky and precipitous banks of the Isle of Wight on the left, and the towns of Lymington and Christchurch on the right, all in sunshine, and looking beautifully; fields, cattle, houses, villages, people, all of which we amused ourselves with viewing through spyglasses, we sailed down the channel, surrounded by an immense convoy, where we met with a West India convoy which had come around from St. Helens. Never do I remember to have seen a place in so vivid a sunshine as Yarmouth was when we passed it."

Little could Dr. Marshall have realized as he

paced the deck of the *Endymion* and watched the coast of merry England sink below the horizon, that his country practice and his placid life in the fair Vale of Gloucester had forever vanished, and that political intrigue, often attended with personal danger, would gradually prove more alluring to him than a medical practice of any kind. Probably he would have been happier had he never sought anything higher than a removal from Eastington to the broader opportunities of the metropolis. Walker, on the other hand, who was far too uncouth for a court atmosphere, did return permanently to England, and became resident inoculator to the Royal Jennerian Society in London, a position he soon lost by his egotism and his eccentric ways, offensive to his coworkers, even including the modest and considerate Jenner.

The voyage of the great fleet was comparatively uneventful. When two suspicious frigates were sighted off Lisbon, the *Endymion* cleared for action and gave chase. Walker thus describes the preparations, so different from those of modern navies. "It was a fine moonlight night. The drums beat to quarters. The bulkheads were taken down. Tables, chairs, etc., cleared away, and deck and cabins thrown into one. The decks were wetted and sanded, and powder, ball,

matches, etc., got ready. The marines were drawn up on the quarterdeck, firelocks loaded, pistols loaded and arranged. The officers girded on their swords. All was hurry and bustle of the greatest intensity. The captain intimated that Dr. Marshall and I might be useful in the cockpit, to which we could have no objection. The great guns were loaded. The men stood with matches in their hands. 'If they be Spaniards,' said the surgeon, with whom we walked the deck, 'we shall take them. If French, we are not so sure, they may take us.' " Walker searched the deck for Fortunatus, not feeling justified in having him remain unwillingly in an exposed place, but when found the young Tuscan was helping to load a big gun and evidently delighted with his work. On nearer approach the two suspicious frigates proved to be neutrals, and all the commotion had resulted from a misunderstanding caused by a recent change in signals.

A negro seaman was the first of the crew to offer himself to Dr. Marshall for vaccination, and judging from some unusual effects the Doctor concluded that vaccine produced different results with whites and blacks. Shortly afterwards various physicians in the United States communicated with Dr. Marshall on the subject and proved this theory to be fallacious.

Blue lights were repeatedly exhibited aboard the *Endymion* and answered from her consort, the *Topaz*, to show their exact situations. "These lights are extremely vivid," says Walker, "can be seen distinctly at an immense distance in clear weather, and produce a most striking effect of light and shade on the deck and rigging of the vessel where they are burnt. There is nothing to be observed in nature equal to it either by sunshine or moonlight, except the appearance produced by lightning or other meteors, or the explosions from volcanos." Evidently the results obtained by these ancient methods were more spectacular if less effective than those produced by the powerful searchlights of the modern navies.

"As we approached the straits of Gibraltar great were the preparations against theAlgeceiras gun-boats, and great the cautions used to keep the numerous convoy together. These vicious little gun-boats come out in calms, and row about large vessels, which cannot then bring their guns to bear upon them, and fire into them, frequently killing a number of people. By the spy-glass we saw an immense number of men pulling at the oars to bring their guns to bear on us. The flying balls thickened and the sounds of explosion increased as the forts on the hills, as

well as on the lower grounds, fired steadily at us as we passed along the shore. I had an opportunity of making some observations on sights, sounds, and the progress of cannon balls." With true scientific instinct, and wholly regardless of personal danger, Dr. Walker produced his notebook, and recorded at great length the result of his observations. Altogether the engagement lasted about two hours and no very serious damage was done.

The two doctors experienced great kindness from the military officers at Gibraltar, frequently dining at the mess. Governor-General O'Hara also received them with the greatest attention and applied to the Court of Madrid to obtain liberty for them to go there to inoculate. All the soldiers of the garrison who had not had smallpox were inoculated, and a certificate of the fact was forwarded by the surgeon-major to the commander in chief, the Duke of York. "The plague at this time," Marshall relates, "prevented the garrison from receiving their usual supply of fresh provisions from Barbary, and Spain was shut against them by the war! their food in consequence was principally salt provision sent from England, and they generally indulged in drinking new wine; this diet, added to the excesses which soldiers usually commit, put

the cow-pox to a severe trial." He continues, in reply to a letter from Dr. Weston of Jamaica, who contended that vaccine lost its activity in a temperature of ninety degrees, "In Gibraltar the temperature was never so low as 90°, and frequently 96°, yet I never experienced any difficulty in communicating infection."

Gen. Charles O'Hara, then for a second term Governor of Gibraltar, became particularly enthusiastic over the new remedy, and wrote to Major-General Jacome, Spanish Governor of the town of Algeciras and the "Campo de Gibraltar," "A most extraordinary discovery has recently been made.— Two gentlemen of the faculty have arrived here with a credential from His Royal Highness, the Duke of York, to practice in this garrison — should his Catholic Majesty (Charles IV) be desirous to avail of their science they shall have permission to attend his orders. If any of your faculty are desirous to see the experience I will admit them into the garrison for that purpose. Philanthropy and sentiments of esteem for Your Excellency are my motives for this communication." He reported to the Duke of York and Albany that he had not remunerated the two doctors, having received no instructions from His Royal Highness, and finally he wrote to Lieutenant-General Fox, the Governor of Minorca, "As

these gentlemen pass to your Island, on their way to Naples, I beg leave to recommend them to your best attention, of which I think they are perfectly deserving as well from their private character as their professional science."

O'Hara was a man of note in his day. He was present with Lord Cornwallis at the surrender of Yorktown. As the histories tell us, Cornwallis, unwilling to suffer additional personal humiliation, deputed O'Hara to consummate the surrender by handing the sword to Washington, whereupon Washington also declined to act personally and appointed a deputy of his own to receive the historic weapon. It is a matter of much interest, too, that Napoleon first attracted the world's attention by his victory over O'Hara at Toulon.

After a voyage of thirteen days in the *Florentino*, convoyed by *H. M. S. Emerald*, with a great variety of weather—fair weather and rain, thunder and lightning, calm and storm, the seas on one occasion even breaking in the windows of the cabin—our associates arrived at Mahon in the rugged island of Minorca on the sixth of September 1800. On the way, during calms, they often got ferried over to the *Emerald* in small boats, there to participate in various jovial entertainments by invitation of the gallant Commodore

Waller, a descendant of Edmund Waller, the poet.

Of Minorca Walker writes in his suggestively Johnsonian style, "The doors of the cottage and the palace open on our approach, and we are witness everywhere to exhibitions of the most tender affections, to solicitudes that are everywhere excited by our presence. We are also often invited to the copious feast and flowing bowl, and with an hospitality, not less grateful, to the participation of a frugal refreshment." As a relaxation from their labors the doctors frequently climbed Mt. Toro, the highest point in the island, and on these rambles a favorite subject of discussion was the partial similarity between the career of Hannibal, who was born in Minorca, and that of Napoleon, born in the somewhat similarly situated island of Corsica. But Walker, notwithstanding his cordial reception by the natives, could not reconcile himself to the rock-strewn landscape about him. "Let the English climate be cold, wet or variable," he says, "I cannot but prefer the green fields of my native land to every other scenery which has yet met my eye."

On October 19, Marshall, then on board *H. M. S. Foudroyant*, writes to Jenner, "Since my last letter the progress of the cow-pox inoculation has been rapid on this island. The morn-

ing after my arrival (At Gibraltar) Lord Keith issued the following general memorandum to the fleet, —

'H. M. Ship Foudroyant
Gibraltar Bay
General Memorandum.

Any soldiers, seamen, or marines in the fleet, who may not have had the small pox and wish to avoid that dreadful malady, may by application to Dr. Marshall on board the flag ship, be inoculated with the cow-pox, which, without pain or illness, or requiring particular diet or state of body, or leaving any marks, effectively excludes all possibility of the patients ever being affected with the small pox.

By Command of the Vice Admiral
Philip Beaver.

To the Respective Captains of the Fleet.'

Immediately after the issuing of this order its effects were almost rendered nugatory by the dispersion of the fleet to several different rendezvous; of course the practice was confined to a few ships in Gibraltar and Teteran Bays; however, upon arriving at Minorca, it was introduced into several other ships of the fleet, and I found the inhabitants eager to avail themselves of it.

The morning after I arrived at Mahon I inoc-

ulated several children, and so anxious was I to give a proof of its efficacy that, on the fourth day after the insertion of the cow-pox, I inoculated a patient with a variolous matter (taking him into the room and to the bedside of a patient in the small pox at its height) in the presence of the physicians, surgeons, and principal inhabitants of Mahon. This trial so publicly made, and from which the little vaccine came off triumphant, firmly established its character in Minorca, and as the small pox at the time was proceeding with rapidity, patients daily falling victims to its horrid ravages, everyone became anxious to participate in this most happy discovery, calling down blessings upon the head of its promulger to the World." "The Army, from the liberal use of fresh provisions and fruit, have got free from the scurvy, but those regiments that we recruited out of the militia are falling off very fast, numbers of them dying daily! I think upon their landing in Egypt they will muster very thin. We have certain accounts of six French vessels having sailed from Toulon on the 13th. inst. with troops and stores for Alexandria; if they escape our ships and land safe it may serve to embarrass our operations there very much. I should not hesitate in going there with the expedition for the purpose of procuring better information

about the plague, had I not another material object to employ me."

Owing to the failing quality of his vaccine supply and to replenish the same Dr. Marshall made a journey back to Gibraltar, but he soon returned to Mahon. Gen. Henry Edward Fox, third son of Henry, first Lord Holland, was then governor of the island, and before leaving Walker sent him a polite note returning thanks on the part of himself and colleague for his "liberal attention." From Mahon the associates proceeded with the fleet to LaValette in Malta, which island had only lately been surrendered by the French to the British. Here Marshall remained from December until the ensuing March.

"The Governor of the island," he writes, "General Ball, is the idol of the Maltese; he is establishing a botanic garden, interests himself in their hospitals and public regulations, and among other conciliatory measures boasts of the service England renders them by the introduction of the Cow-Pox, and delights them by the offer of having the whole island vaccinated. As the small pox is now amongst them they have pressed in in crowds, both the nobility and the mass of the people. At the commencement of our inoculation, in going to the hospital, we formed a small procession! The Governor with his laced

hat, the clergy in their canonicals, your friends Marshall and Walker, and the medical men bringing up the train. The Governor has given us for our residence the most beautiful palace (heretofore the Grand Master's) of Valette to reside in. It is now like May with you. Green peas are just coming in, cauliflowers etc. are in perfection."

The palace of the grand masters of the ancient order of St. John of Jerusalem, those picturesque potentates who for centuries prior to their dispersal by the French exercised sovereign power in Malta, and performed a very useful work for civilization by policing the seas against the Barbary pirates, is described by De Boisgelin in 1805 as "an immense mass of buildings, which, though unornamented, makes an imposing appearance." As our doctors, after their daily labors or their nightly festivities, sought seclusion within the cool shades of its stately chambers, a vivid contrast must have presented itself between this temporary abode and the ivy clad cottage in the distant Vale of Gloucester.

"Amongst the fleet," Marshall continues, "and the army also, our endeavours have been very successful. The small pox was ravaging the island, and had been very fatal, but it now seems to be extinct. Lord Keith and Sir Ralph Aber-

cromby showed us every kindness; his Lordship particularly recommended the Jennerian inoculation to the fleet, as you will see by an extract from the Admiral's memorandum, in consequence of the small pox raging in the Alexandria and other vessels."

"H. M. S. Foudroyant, Malta, Dec. 9, 1800.

The Commander in Chief thinks it necessary to recommend to the respective captains an immediate application to Dr. Marshall and Dr. Walker, whose safe and excellent mode of treatment has been experienced on board the Foudroyant and other ships, in preventing the dreadful effects so often attending the small pox, which may now so easily be avoided without danger or inconvenience.

By Command of the Vice Admiral,
W. Young."

"It being impossible, on account of the short stay of the fleet here, to complete the inoculation, it was necessary that one of us should accompany it, and the enterprising spirit of Dr. Walker could not rest until it was decided that he should go. Since he went I have inoculated the whole of the troops left here under the command of General Pigot. I have had to combat the prejudice of the people, to convince them of its efficacy, and can

THE "FOUDROYANT," ONE OF NELSON'S OLD SHIPS

say that I have at last conquered. The Dey of Algiers is very anxious to have our inoculation introduced amongst them; so that there scarcely appears to be a prospect of the termination of our labours." Writing again to Jenner, he says, "Your treatise has been translated, as also a short address by me at the request of the Governor, and distributed throughout the island." To counteract doubts about the efficacy of the new remedy a "Proclamation to the inhabitants of Malta, relating to Dr. Marshall and Dr. Walker, was issued on Feb. 27th., 1800 by 'Protomedico Luigi Caneana "and" il Med. di Palazzo, Dr. Lorenzo Cattar.'"

The editor of *Public Characters*, a rather unique London publication of the time, remarks, "On the occasion (of Dr. Marshall's tour) the vast advantage of Dr. Jenner's discovery was conspicuous; and when we recollect how long victory remained doubtful between the two contending armies in the east, it is not unwarrantable to suppose that vaccine inoculation had some share in turning the scale and deciding the fortunes of the war."

Before the two doctors separated they, with Drs. Caraccinni and Cassar, laid the foundation for a vaccine establishment under the patronage of his excellency the governor. Marshall then pro-

ceeded to carry out his prearranged engagement with the Neapolitan government, while Walker sailed with the fleet, and became an interested spectator of the brilliant naval and military achievements of the British forces at Alexandria and Aboukir Bay.

Sir Alexander Ball reported to Lord Hawkesbury that Marshall had rendered "the most essential service to the inhabitants" and added, "I further certify that he has performed the service without receiving any pecuniary reward from me, as I conceive that the British Government know best how to appreciate and remunerate his services." The Admiralty, of which Sir Evan Nepean, Bart. was then secretary, gave some order for payment of expenses, but no attention was paid to it until after a correspondence so voluminous as to recall Dickens' description of the circumlocution office. The sum voted was comparatively trifling, being from the Admiralty only one hundred pounds, to be divided between Marshall and Walker; and from the war office one hundred pounds each. For this latter sum they were finally indebted to the kindness of the Duke of York. The whole received did not equal a fourth of the necessary expense which they had to experience. The nature of some of their expenses may be gathered from the description left

us by a young lieutenant of the fortieth regiment, who was with the fleet. "In Gibraltar," he says, "a moderate turkey fetched the enormous price of three dubloons or ten pounds sixteen sterling, eggs were a shilling each, and every other article in proportion. At Malta, also, the arrival of such a fleet and army had an immediate and very sensible influence on the market, so that the price of every article was almost instantly quadrupled." The young officer then notes that everybody seems to have unlimited cash and that the "Tommies" pay any price the natives ask without bargaining.

However, the two doctors did in fact receive, aside from the Admiralty and the Duke of York, some pecuniary consolation on this memorable trip. Walker writes to the *London Medical Journal* under date of December 12, 1802: "The Governor and a few others at the Rock (Gibraltar) chose to fee us for attendance on their respective families. The master of an American vessel had his ships company inoculated, and fee'd us. At Minorca a very liberal fee, presented in the most flattering and affectionate way, for a medical attendance at the governmental house, was about equal to what we had from all the other inhabitants. At Malta they propose to send each of us a piece of plate."

In Sicily the smallpox had been, if possible, still more fatal than in Malta, for the computation of deaths occasioned by it in the year preceding Dr. Marshall's arrival exceeded eight thousand in the city of Palermo alone.

"The Cow-pox was introduced at Palermo," Marshall reports to Jenner. "Here also it was adopted with enthusiastic ardour, and from the very gracious reception with which His Majesty (Ferdinard IV) was pleased to receive me its practice soon became general. It was not unusual to see, in the mornings of the public inoculation at the hospital, a procession of men, women and children, conducted through the streets by a priest carrying a cross, come to be inoculated. By these popular means it met not with opposition, and the common people expressed themselves certain that it was a blessing sent from Heaven, though discovered by one heretic and practiced by another. At Naples I found the inclination of the inhabitants, from the accounts they had received from Palermo, favourable to its practice." A lengthy announcement by Drs. Troja, the Court Physician, Vivenzio and Marshall, relating to the new remedy, appeared in the *Palermo Gazette* of March 26, 1801. Soon afterwards even the slow moving Levant became interested. Dr. Scot, who was prominent in intro-

ducing vaccination in the Near East and had been traveling with the Earl and Countess of Elgin, the donors of so many valuable exhibits to the British Museum, wrote to Dr. Ring, "As a little tract published by Dr. Marshall appeared to be well adapted to public use, I gave Dr. Roini, physician to the Grand Seignior, a copy of it, which he got translated into the Turkish language." This little tract,[1] containing about forty pages, and issued from the Royal Printing Offices in Palermo in May 1801, was entitled "observation on the small-pox vaccination." In its dedication to Ferdinand Dr. Marshall observes, "The fatherly attention of Your Royal Highness, always directed to the benefit and happiness of your subjects, has never been so generously employed as in the present case, in which we plan to introduce and establish in your dominion the Jennerian inoculation. The great confidence of Your Majesty in this measure has caused its immediate acceptance, and the kindness with which you have accepted this 'little work' of mine has afforded me the opportunity to offer and consecrate it to your August Person." All things considered, however, the Neapolitans, aside from vaccination, might well have dispensed with the august Ferdinand's "fatherly attention."

[1] A copy of this rare work is found in the Bibliothèque de L'Académie de Médecin, Paris; another copy in Naples.

Pietro Coletta remarks in his "History of Naples," "In the midst of these disputes (re vaccination) Dr. Marshall, an Englishman, arrived in Naples to introduce the celebrated remedy, and Naples, always ready for any novelty, trusted to his assurances. King Ferdinand instituted offices and appointed medical officers for the purpose of vaccination, ordered it in his favorite colony of Santo Leucio, and even in his own family, and bestowed praises and favours on Marshall, whom he dismissed laden with gifts and honours." The first child inoculated in Naples was, by order of the King, reinoculated with the smallpox, which, however, did not take, though the inoculation was once more repeated. Capacious apartments for Dr. Marshall were fitted up in the former college of the Jesuits, where the poor were inoculated gratis.

In England the constantly growing feeling that Dr. Jenner was entitled to a public reward for his endeavors culminated in 1805 in a hearing before a committee of the House of Commons, with Admiral Berkeley in the chair. Many physicians were summoned, in order that any questions about the originality of Jenner's work might be set definitely at rest. Dr. Marshall testified at this hearing that he received his early instruction from Jenner in the summer of 1799, that

"on my leaving Naples the King was pleased to express his approbation of my services by appointing me his physician extraordinary and presenting me with a gold medal! He also caused to be delivered to me a despatch to express his satisfaction at the benefit his kingdom had derived from the discovery, a copy of which, with the ambassador's note to Lord Hawkesbury I beg to deliver to the committee. I have also extended this inoculation to other parts of Europe, including Rome and Leghorn, in all of which places I never heard of such a remedy being known or practiced before, and in every instance where I tried I found it resisted the infection of the small-pox. The number I vaccinated was very considerable! I should suppose upwards of ten thousand."

The original exhibits handed to the committee, including the certificates of Lord Keith, Gen. J. Hely Hutchinson and Sir Thomas Williams, and the Neapolitan correspondence, were probably lost, so the Clerk of the House of Commons informs us in 1922, by the fire which in 1834 largely destroyed the parliament buildings; but the testimony of the witnesses, although without the exhibits, was luckily copied verbatim and printed by the Reverend G. C. Jenner, a near relative of the celebrated doctor. Ultimately a

public reward of twenty thousand pounds was paid to Dr. Jenner on the recommendation of this committee. Titles and college degrees in those stiff old days were seldom omitted on formal occasions, yet surely a smile must have lightened the faces of the many learned physicians assembled before this committee when their recent colleague was summoned as "Dr. Marshall, Physician Extraordinary to His Majesty, the King of Naples."

The following is contained in Baron's "Life of Jenner."

"Copie d'une Lettre du Prince Castelcicala à milord Hawkesbury du Février 1802.

"J'ai honneur de remettre à votre excellence copie d'une dépêche que Monsieur le Chevalier Acton m'a écrite par ordre de Sa Majesté Sicilienne. Les deux Siciles ont une grande obligation au Docteur Marshall pour y' avoir introduit et propagé avec le plus grand succès l'inoculation de la vaccine. Votre Excellence sera certainement très aise que l'on doit cette obligation à une sujet Brittanique; j'ose recommander à sa puissant protection une personne aussi digne, et à qui le Roi mon maître a témoigné d'une manière non équivoque toute sa satisfaction.

J'ai honneur d'être etc.

Castelcicala."

Castelcicala was Neapolitan ambassador at the Court of St. James; Hawkesbury, afterwards Lord Liverpool, the English Foreign Secretary in Addington's (Lord Sidmouth's) administration in 1801. In "Sa Majesté Sicilienne" we find King Ferdinand IV of Naples and the Two Sicilies, the athletic but ignorant and ill-bred son of Don Carlos of Bourbon, who had by this time fallen completely under the influence of his Queen, Maria Carolina, a clever, proud and treacherous woman, daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa and sister of ill-fated Marie Antoinette. By her favor the Chevalier Acton of Castelcicala's letter, otherwise Sir John Francis Edward Acton, sixth baronet in the English line, had become prime minister at Naples. The historians bring shocking indictments against both King Ferdinand and Queen Carolina. "Few sovereigns," they tell us, "have left behind so odious a memory. His whole career is one long record of perjury, vengeance and meanness, unredeemed by a single generous act, and his wife was a worthy helpmate, and actively coöperated in his tyranny." This dreadful couple, however, proved the very kindest of benefactors to Dr. Joseph Head Marshall, who, we may as well admit, was sufficiently debonair to be a pretty successful lady's man. By family tradition a

portrait of the Doctor was painted in oils at Naples, and, whether jokingly or by mistake the tradition does not state, this portrait, in spite of the fact that the Doctor's disposition was more amiable than saintly, was labeled as one of the apostles, and ultimately found its way into the galleries of the Vatican.

Chapter IV

THE DOCTORS DISAGREE

At the opening of the nineteenth century a multitude of physicians, scattered throughout the world, were hotly engaged in the vaccine controversy. For the most part those who favored the remedy had nothing but praise for Dr. Marshall's strenuous exertions, but some of its opponents, aided by those who, while favoring it, could not reconcile themselves to the notoriety he had obtained, poured forth a torrent of sneering remarks and imputations. It is a poor biography, however, that diligently smothers adverse comment and confines itself to unqualified praise of its subject. These disgruntled physicians falsely stated that Marshall and Walker had "procured medical diplomas from the indulgent University of Leyden," whereas Walker alone had graduated from that venerable institution; and that the Mediterranean tour was undertaken as a mission of their own, after application to Jenner, who obtained a passage for them in a frigate, whereas in fact Naples had, as we have seen, sent an urgent request to the British Government for relief, and Marshall made his own arrangement

personally with the Duke of York. Dr. Creighton, a particularly vigorous disbeliever in vaccination, as well as a rather vitriolic gentleman in other respects, states that "Dr. Marshall came to Palermo, and was hailed as a deliverer by the enlightened Monarch Ferdinand IV and his equally enlightened court." After quoting from a letter of Marshall's to Jenner he proceeds "that was the missionary apostolic side of Marshall's cow-poxing zeal, but in private circles at Palermo his fee for vaccination was ten guineas in genteel families and five guineas in families of the middle class. Palermo had not seen such another enthusiast since the time when it gave to the World Court Allessandro de Cagliostro, healer of diseases, abolisher of wrinkles, etc." One anonymous writer accused Marshall of using "dead vaccine" at Minorca; and in connection with this our friend Dr. Ring, in the *London Medical Journal*, severely reproved a periodical "which lately refused admission to a letter from Dr. Marshall complaining of the illiberality of an anonymous attack on the practice and himself, and pledging himself to refute the charges, if the author of the attack would publish his name, and specify the names of the parties in whom the pretended failures had occurred." So far from willfully using dead vaccine Dr. Marshall had

written from Mahon, "I have now to tell you what I was before suspicious of, that the matter I brought with me from England, after being kept three months, became quite inert; accordingly all those upon whom it was tried, I again inoculated with the recent fluid matter."

However, Dr. Marshall, like all other practitioners, occasionally made a real mistake. In the early years of his practice, he writes, "I visited a patient with the confluent smallpox, and charged a lancet with some of the matter. Two days afterwards, I was desired to inoculate a woman and four children with the Cow-pox, and I inadvertently took the vaccine matter on the same lancet which was before charged with that of small-pox. In three days I discovered the mistake, and fully expected that my five patients would be infected with the small-pox; but I was agreeably surprised to find the disease to be the genuine cow-pox, which proceeded without deviating in any particular from my former cases."[1]

So far from being blindly accepted as a deliverer in Naples, the Doctor states in his testimony before the Jennerian committee of the House of

[1] Dr. Marshall sometimes applied unusual remedies to unusual cases. On receiving a call from a poor fellow who suffered from the hallucination that he could not sit down because a certain portion of his posterior anatomy was made of glass, the Doctor bestowed a vigorous kick upon the supposedly afflicted part and remarked, "The glass is now broken, sir, you can be seated wherever you wish."

Commons, "As an example of the disbelief entertained by the medical men of Naples a trial was instituted soon after my arrival there, and without my knowledge, at the Foundling Hospital, where they first inoculated with the cow-pox a considerable number of children, and after they had passed through the disease, exposed them to all possible modes of infection with the small pox, both by inoculation and by making them sleep in the bed with people infected with the small pox. This trial, which had excited the attention of the whole city, completely established the reputation of the cow-pox; and they appointed a deputation to me publicly to express their conviction of its efficiency. His majesty commanded that children to be inoculated, attended by surgeons to be instructed in the practice, should be sent from each province to the hospital at Naples."

Subsequent to June 26, 1799, when Nelson's fleet entered the Bay of Naples and caused the surrender of the so-called "Parthenopian Republic," great severity was exercised towards Ferdinand's rebellious subjects, and the persecutions evidently continued to some extent up to the time of Dr. Marshall's arrival. The Comtesse de Boigne, whose memoirs appeared at a considerably later period, mistakenly supposed that the Doctor witnessed the actual surrender

and comments as follows, "At that time he (Marshall) was young, and had been justifiably disgusted by the spectacle of these horrors. Hence he had availed himself of his English nationality, and of the freedom which his doctor's profession allowed him, to do many kindnesses to the victims of this royalist reaction. Since that time he had remained in close connection with the revolutionary party, and had every opportunity for learning their projects without participating in their plots."

On the Doctor's return from the South, January 1802, a lengthy report of his proceedings was sent to Jenner, and in May of that year the following notice appeared in the *London Medical Journal*. "Dr. Marshall, who, for the last two years, has been extending the vaccine inoculation through the Mediterranean, and through the southern part of Europe, has lately taken up his residence in Paris." Sir Astley Cooper, visiting Paris in the following July, records in his diary, "Dr. Marshall called upon me: he says that he is tolerably successful as a physician here, and that he receives one louis the first visit, and half a one each visit afterwards. He does not vaccinate much, for the French are not so warm upon the subject as they were." But only a month before this Mr. George Jenner tells us

that "In Paris the greatest enthusiasm continued to prevail. I dined with the vaccine committee in company with Dr. Marshall; Jenner's portrait was hung up in the room, crowned with a handsome chaplet of flowers."

In 1803, when fresh hostilities so soon interrupted the peace of Amiens, Dr. Marshall evidently found the political atmosphere of Paris rather deleterious to his health and well-being and took refuge in his home country. In December of that year he writes to the *Medical Journal* from Lymington in Hampshire, "since my arrival here I have been busy with the cow-pox, having inoculated upwards of five hundred, principally of the poor, who have not had the small pox amongst them for the last twelve years."

However, the vicissitudes through which the Doctor had passed since July of 1800 made by comparison a quiet life in rural England altogether too tame. Apparently he did not remain long north of the Channel. At one time, probably during this period, he sought asylum in Arabia, or journeyed there for medical investigation. His caravan was attacked and robbed. The unprincipled aggressors slit the water bottles and left the Doctor helpless in the desert. So great was his distress that, according to the

meager accounts that survive, "his hair turned white and his tongue turned black." Some wandering Arabs thus discovered him and luckily proved friendly. Aside from this thrilling adventure the Doctor utterly vanishes for a long time, to suddenly reappear just prior to the momentous events of the fateful year 1815, a pivotal year in human history.

Chapter V

FROM MEDICINE TO POLITICS

Just when Dr. Marshall abandoned his vigorous application to the medical sciences for the dubious excitements of political intrigue is not certainly known. Comtesse de Boigne tells us that the Prince Regent of England sent him to Italy "to gather information upon the conduct of his wife, who was something more than indiscreet." It was in August 1814 that Caroline of Brunswick, Princess of Wales, departed from England. She arrived in Naples on the eighth of November, and in January 1815, according to the Comtesse, "was in the full fury of her passion for Murat," a passion not whole-heartedly reciprocated by that gallant gentleman. Events soon followed that proved of higher interest to the Doctor than the matrimonial infelicities of his royal patron.

In a petition to Count Molé, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the early autumn of 1830[1] he writes as follows, "Residing in Naples during the year 1814, and practicing there the

[1] France, Foreign Business, Political Correspondence. England, Volume 631, folios 235–238.

business of physician, I became known to Murat (then King Joachim) as the result of professional attendance on people of his family. At the end of January (1815) towards 10 p.m. somebody came from the Palace to get me in a great hurry, and I was ushered into the presence of Murat. He explained to me that he wished to send to Paris a parcel of the highest importance, which he could not intrust with security either to an Italian or to a Frenchman, and begged me to take charge of it. He told me that in this parcel were enclosed letters from Bonaparte for some friends of his living in Turin and in Paris, and that he would give me letters of introduction for them.

Struck with the high importance that some of these letters would hold for his Majesty the King of France, I did not hesitate an instant. I gave up my establishment in Naples and left the same evening for Paris. In Turin I introduced myself to Mr. the Marquis d'Osmond, who was then ambassador, and delivered to him several letters addressed to individuals living in Turin.

On my arrival in Paris Mr. the Duke of Damas introduced me to His Majesty and I deposited the parcel of letters in the King's hands. The King gave them to Mr. the Duke of Blacas,[1]

[1] Pierre Louis Casimir, Duc de Blacas d'Aulps, who succeeded the Comte d'Avaray, a favorite of Louis XVIII.

and I was asked to come again the following day. The King then gave me back the parcel with orders to deliver the letters. The letter of introduction that Murat had given me for the Duke of Otrante (Fouché) obtained for me a free access not only to him, but to many other people; and I acquired their confidence, above all that of the Duke of Otrante, which I kept during the Hundred Days and after the King's return."

The Comtesse de Boigne writes, "My father (the Marquis d'Osmond) had been ordered to keep an eye on the movements of the Bonapartists who were scattered about Italy, and upon their communications with the Island of Elba. One night in January, 1815, Dr. Marshall came to my father with great secrecy, and showed him documents which proved almost beyond doubt that a movement was being arranged in France, and that the Emperor Napoleon was intending shortly to leave the Island of Elba to give his personal support to the movement. My father was convinced of the gravity of this news, and urged Marshall to communicate with the French Government. He (Marshall) refused to impart his information to any minister. According to him, the offices of every minister were surrounded by Bonapartists, and he feared for his personal safety."

"M. de Talleyrand had been temporarily replaced by M. de Jaucourt, who never answered any dispatches; correspondence was conducted from the offices, and was purely official. My father could not have known to what minister he should refer Marshall, who, moreover, refused to submit the documents he had secured to any one except the King himself. He prided himself upon his personal connection with the Prince Regent, and it would seem that the lofty station of his employers dignified in his eyes the traffic which he pursued. The importance of his revelations justified his obstinacy on this point."

"My father gave him a letter to the Duc de Duras, who introduced him to the study of Louis XVIII on January 22nd. The King sent his thanks to my father for the zeal which had procured this precious information. No special precautions, however, were taken, and the Government did not even send a corvette to cruise off the Island of Elba. The carelessness prevalent at this time was far in advance of the credulity of other years."

The letters related, directly or indirectly, to Napoleon's meditated escape from Elba, which took place on the twenty-sixth of February. But why should Murat choose as his agent one who was not only friendly to the Bourbon restoration

in France, but also owed a debt of gratitude to the deposed Ferdinand IV whose throne he, Murat, was even then usurping? Considering the subsequent actions of this ambitious potentate it would seem quite possible that he had expected or even connived at the Doctor's procedure in Turin and Paris.

Louis XVIII, shortly after his first restoration, had appointed Osmond to the ambassadorship in Turin, and contemporaneously with Osmond's arrival in that city King Emmanuel I of the House of Savoy reëstablished his court there, having returned from the exile to which, in 1798, he had been driven by the armies of Napoleon. The statement of de Boigne that Osmond was "the most straightforward of men and the least capable of any pettiness," if true, indicates that in the matter of the letters Dr. Marshall kept reasonably within the bounds of propriety.

"During the Hundred Days," to resume the Doctor's petition to Count Molé, "I continued to live in Paris, at the great peril of my life. I transmitted twice a week to His Majesty a report on all the important events that came to my knowledge by the way of my intimacy with the Duke of Otrante, with whom I used to spend a part of my day. I continued to render the same service after the King's return, and, through the

means of my intimacy with the principal personages of the Party, I was able to supply the Government with important and authentic information about the plans which were made, and thus, with the means to stop the execution of these plans. If these services had been suspected my life would have been sacrificed without any doubt. His Majesty was kind enough to attach the greatest value to my conduct. He talked about it to Sir Charles Stuart (English Ambassador to France during the Hundred Days) and ordered the Minister of the Interior to bestow on me a pension of four thousand francs a month. I continued to enjoy it for some time and I never ceased to render the same services."

Shortly after the episode of the letters Dr. Marshall seems to have been sent back to Naples to conclude a treaty between one or more of the Allied Powers and Murat. This mission must have been very hurriedly performed, if we are to accept as correct the date, January 22, given by the Comtesse de Boigne as that of his introduction to Louis XVIII. Eighteen days thereafter, on February 9, the Doctor arrived in England, having necessarily traveled some twelve hundred miles from Naples. However, even before the day of steam fairly rapid travel was possible to a man of such energy as Dr. Marshall undoubt-

edly possessed. Colonel Macirone, one of the Doctor's political colleagues during the Hundred Days and an expert on rapid locomotion, gives some description of the then condition of the roads, which he describes as much better in Italy than France; and he tells us that, in a light carriage, he could cover two hundred miles within twenty-four hours, and that he spent eleven or twelve days in a journey between Naples and London. The urgency in Dr. Marshall's case certainly demanded the utmost exertions of man and horse.

The following is contained in the "Negociation Marshall," a document[1] forming part of the "Bonaparte Papers," so called, in the "French Archives of Foreign Affairs," dated March 20, 1815, and said to be a report of Fouché to Napoleon. "It is (by the medium of) M. Marshall that the King of Naples has been recognized, and through him that he has just made a treaty which is yet secret, but which has all the force of a solemn treaty." The Doctor's mission in the negotiation of the treaty seems to have been eminently successful. On March 4, however, Murat learned of Napoleon's escape. Thereupon he sent misleading dispatches (March 5) not only to England but even to Austria, declaring

[1] "Archives of Foreign Affairs," France, Vol. 1801, Document 13.

he would continue faithful to his alliances whatever the success of Napoleon. Then he began speedy preparations for war and commenced hostile action against Austria on March 15, a sad mistake on his part that cost him the friendship of Napoleon and ultimately paved the way for Ferdinand's return to Naples. Apropos of Murat's military discomfiture, Ferdinand had said of the Neapolitan soldiery, "you may dress them in blue, in green, or in red, but in any colour they will always run."

The ambitions of Austria and of Murat were in the long run hopelessly conflicting. Austria, too, was much distrusted by all factions, as Napoleon, after his escape from Elba, had proceeded far towards making an alliance with the Emperor, who was his father-in-law and a near relative of Ferdinand of Naples, an alliance that would have been equally objectionable to the other allied powers and to Murat. Lord Castlereagh, probably aware of these facts, was rather favorable to an alliance with Naples. A contemporary observer makes the rather improbable assertion that Marshall's mission to Naples was partly to stir up strife between Murat and Austria and that this Machiavellian scheme originated in the fertile brain of Talleyrand.

Whatever the exact nature of the Marshall-

made Neapolitan treaty, it was destined, aside from any success or failure of Murat's, to be short-lived and abortive. Founded purely on the expediency of the moment the high contracting parties could never overcome the basic antagonism that separated the monarchial legitimatists from the soldier of fortune. Had the ambition of the dashing Murat, aptly called the Achilles of France, not led him to set himself up as the rival of the master to whom he owed everything; had he, realizing that his throne could never long survive the downfall of the great Corsican, remained unswerving in his allegiance, retained the confidence of his old associates, and brought his great military prowess to bear as leader of the cavalry at Waterloo, then might Napoleon never have spent those long solitary years at St. Helena. Certainly in such case the ill-starred Murat himself would never have faced a firing squad, shot to death for violation of that statute against disturbance of the public peace which he himself had framed for the security of his own Italian kingdom.

During this very curious period of diplomatic history, however, the Allies apparently vacillated almost as constantly as Murat. When Dr. Marshall returned from Paris to Naples in his treaty-making capacity the Neapolitan monarch and

his advisers considered him the most suitable person to conduct their negotiations with Great Britain. On the previous eighteenth of January Murat had written personally to the Prince Regent, while his Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Duc de Gallo, had written to Lord Liverpool, the English Prime Minister, on the same date. Maurice Henry Weil, in his elaborate work, "Joachim Murat," remarks, "Resulting from the situation in which the two countries (England & Naples) found themselves, and the fact that there was no accredited representative of Napoleon[1] (Murat) in England, nor an English minister at Naples, it became necessary to find a means of this letter (the King's) reaching the Prince Regent. Gallo believed, not without reason, that it was wisest to intrust it to an Englishman, M. Marshall, whom he had provided with a letter which the latter representative (Marshall) was directed to remit to Lord Liverpool." "M. Marshall," wrote the Duke, "has had the opportunity to learn from His Majesty (Murat) his personal feelings of admiration and frank and loyal friendship for the Prince Regent as well as the younger princes who guide His Majesty in politics and in the conduct of national interests. More than that, Your Excellency (Liverpool)

[1] Murat had assumed the title of King Joachim Napoleon.

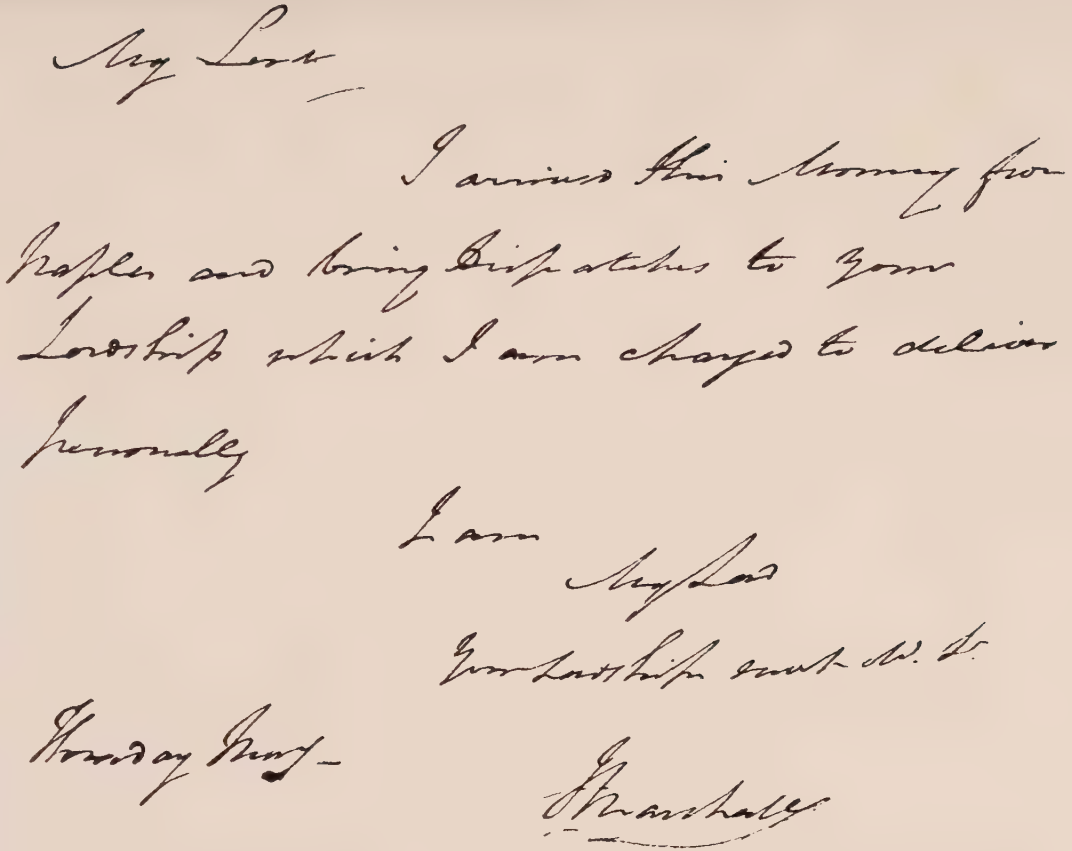
may put full confidence in the reports which M. Marshall will be in a position to make on the statements and feelings of His Majesty (Murat) in regard to England."

On arrival in England Dr. Marshall immediately communicated with Lord Liverpool. Murat's matter, however, did not long remain the Doctor's sole concern. Later on he had a more difficult and more important mission, to be mentioned hereafter, relating to the situation caused by Napoleon's escape from Elba. On March 22 the Doctor thus addressed Liverpool.[1]

"My Lord

Upon the 9th. of February last I had the honor of offering to Your Lordship the entire disposal of the whole forces of the Kingdom of Naples, consisting of one hundred thousand troops. I have subsequently repeated this offer, and I am now again by permission distinctly to state, that the whole power and resources of the Kingdom of Naples are at the disposal of the Prince Regent's Minister. That I do not exceed the power I possess in making this offer I refer Your Lordship to the letter addressed to you by the Duc De Gallo of the date of 18th. of January last. I must also, in order to show the liberal sentiments which animate the Court of Naples upon

[1] Record office, Foreign office, Vol. 73. Sicily.



My Lord

I arrived this Morning from Naples and bring Dispatches to Your Lordship which I am charged to deliver personally

I am

My Lord

Your Lordship's most Ob. Sr.

Monday Morn.

J. Marshall

LETTER OF MARSHALL TO LORD LIVERPOOL

this occasion, recall to Your Lordship's recollection the following passage in the King of Naples letter." (Here he quotes Murat's sentiments towards the Prince Regent.)

"In my letter to Your Lordship of the 4th. instant I pressed the subject of my mission upon your notice. To this note I have received no reply. It is possible the pressure of important affairs may have prevented hitherto that attention being paid to the offer I am empowered to make which its importance demands. As yet there is time to secure the active assistance of the King of Naples, and it cannot I should suppose in the present state of Europe be a matter of indifference to the Prince Regent's ministers how an able general with one hundred thousand troops devoted to him are employed."

To this letter the Doctor received the following unsatisfactory reply dated Fife House, March 23, "Lord Liverpool presents his compliments to Mr. Marshall, and having communicated with Lord Castlereagh, since his return from Vienna, the particulars of what were stated to him by Mr. Marshall, Lord Liverpool has only to repeat that all discussions on the subject to which Mr. Marshall refers must for the present be continued at Vienna." We may note that the next day, March 24, the Government dispatched to

Admiral Penrose secret and confidential orders governing the operations of his squadron in the Mediterranean. The impetuous Murat, as we have seen, had commenced hostilities against Austria without awaiting the outcome of Dr. Marshall's mission. Long before the twenty-third of March both Liverpool and Castlereagh must have known of Napoleon's dramatic escape from Elba. In the matter of vacillating duplicity the methods of Murat and Fouché were somewhat analogous, notwithstanding that the former was primarily a military man, the latter merely a subtle politician. During the later years of his reign King Joachim Murat usually found himself sadly placed "between the Devil and the Deep Sea." He is customarily denounced by admirers of Napoleon for his wavering allegiance to his great master, but then, where would Murat have stood if Napoleon had become definitely allied to his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, and the near relative of Ferdinand of Naples? Queen Caroline, although Napoleon's sister, seems to have shared the King's misgivings to no small extent. As for our ubiquitous doctor, whatever his failures or mistakes, he probably exercised some influence towards keeping Murat away from Waterloo.

Chapter VI

LES CENT JOURS

When the bloodless revolution of 1815 took place in France, when Bonaparte returned from Elba in such a very sudden and disconcerting manner and Louis XVIII and his Court unceremoniously and precipitately evacuated the premises, Sir Jonah Barrington, an Irish knight of noted family, and Lady Barrington, and their daughter, who had been spending some months at Havre de Grace, hastened by coach to Paris to witness some of the extraordinary occurrences, and if possible to see something of the returned Emperor.

"During the interval of the Hundred Days," says Sir Jonah, "I kept a regular diary, wherein I accurately took down every important circumstance, except some few which I then considered much safer in my mind than under my hand. I hired as footman a person then very well known in Paris, Henry Thevenot. I have likewise recently been appraised that at the time I engaged him he was actually in the espionage establishment — a mysterious kind of person.

Shortly after our arrival we repaired to the

Emperor's chapel to see that wonderful man. Napoleon had already entered. The chapel was full. While reconnoitering the Emperor a buzz in the Chapel caused me to turn around. Though low, it increased every moment and was palpably directed towards us. A French woman, who sat near Lady B. said 'Madame, you had better lay aside your shawls.' Lady B. and my daughter threw off their shawls and at once the buzzing subsided. Several French ladies came up with great courtesy after the service to apologize for the apparent rudeness and begged Lady B. to examine her shawl. She did so, and found that both hers and my daughter's were speckled all over with fleurs-de-lis. They had been sold her the preceding day by a knavish shopkeeper who, seeing she was a foreigner, had put off these articles, thinking it a good opportunity to decrease his stock in that kind of gear, the sale whereof would probably be pronounced high-treason before the month was over. An English lady was also remarkably attentive and polite on this occasion, and gave her card to Lady B. — No. 10 Rue Pigale. She was the lady of Dr. Marshall, an English physician.

Shortly after this period, I became particularly intimate with Dr. Marshall, a circumstance which, in the paucity of English who had re-

mained in Paris, was productive to me of great satisfaction. He was a man of prepossessing appearance and address; had travelled much; and acted, he informed me, as physician to the army in Egypt, etc., and had gone on some confidential mission to Murat while King of Naples. His wife was a pretty woman, rather en bon point, about thirty, and with the complete appearance and address of a gentlewoman. The Doctor kept a very handsome establishment, and entertained small companies splendidly. The society I generally met there consisted, in the first place, of Colonel Macirone, who passed for an Italian, and had been aide-de-camp to Murat, but was, I believe, the son of a respectable manufacturer in London, or on Blackheath. He has published an account of the romantic circumstances attendant on the death of the ill-fated Murat. Another member of the society was Count Julian, formerly, I believe, some secretary or civil officer of Murat, a huge, boisterous, overbearing fat man, consequential without being dignified, dressy without being neat, and with a showy politeness that wanted even the elements of civility. Count Julian was the only person I met at Dr. Marshall's whose character or occupation I had any suspicion about."

Francesco Macirone, a Knight of the Order

of the Two Sicilies, was a curious restive character, always engaged in such a complicated mess of political intrigues that he failed of success in any of them. By birth Italian, and of good social standing in his native land, circumstances had compelled Macirone, as well as his parents, to remove to England. Count "Julian," of whom Sir Jonah gives such an unflattering description, was Pierre Louis Pascal Jullian, author of "Memoirs of Joseph Fouché, Duke d'Otranto" and other works.

Sir Jonah continues, "Fouché was then the Emperor's minister of police, and they all appeared to be more or less acquainted with him, but I had not at first the slightest idea that they were every one of them but hollow friends if not absolute traitors to Napoleon. I met several other gentlemen less remarkable at Dr. Marshall's, but only one lady appeared besides the mistress of the house. This was a plain, rational, sedate woman under forty. She was introduced to us by Mrs. Marshall as the wife of a relative of Fouché, and at that time (with her husband) on a visit to his excellency at his hotel, Rue Cerutti. One day before dinner, at Dr. Marshall's house, I observed this lady, on our arrival, hurrying into Mrs. Marshall's boudoir, and when dinner was announced she re-entered, decked out with a set of remark-

able coral ornaments, which I had seen Mrs. Marshall wear several times. This circumstance struck me at the moment, but was neither recollected nor accounted for till we paid an unlucky visit to that 'relative of Fouché,' when the whole enigma became developed, and my suspicions fairly aroused."

Sir Jonah gradually began to feel a little uneasy about the associations he was forming, and it occurred to him to pay a visit with Lady Barrington to the silent lady who flitted about adorned with Mrs. Marshall's coral ornaments, and to her husband. At Fouché's hotel they asked if Madame was at home. "Quelle Madame?" said the Swiss porter as if he heard imperfectly. "Madame la parente de monsieur le ministre," responded Sir Jonah. On reading their cards "Le Chevalier et Milady" the man looked respectful, but apparently could not control his laughter. Madame turned out to be the wife of the Maître d'hôtel, evidently a very discreet messenger between the Rue Cerutti and the Rue Pigalle. Sir Jonah remarks, "I took up our cards and away we went. I did not say one word of the matter at Dr. Marshall's, but I suppose the porter told the lady, as we never saw her afterward."

"Dr. Marshall meanwhile continued to gain much on my esteem. He saw that I was greedy of

information as to the affairs of Italy; and he, as well as Col. Macirone, saturated me in consequence with highly entertaining anecdotes of the court of Naples, and of Murat himself. I do really think that Macirone was sincerely attached to that king, and attended his person with friendship and sincerity. On the contrary, Count Julian seemed incapable of possessing much feeling, and perfectly indifferent as to anybody's fate but his own. This, however, I only give as my individual opinion. I soon lost sight of the man altogether."

"In the midst of this agreeable society, I passed my time during the greater part of the 'Hundred Days' and Dr. Marshall informing me, I believe, truly, that he was on terms of confidence (though not immediately) with Fouché,[1] and well knowing that he might with perfect security communicate anything to me (seeing that I should be silent for my own sake), scarcely a day passed but we had much conversation in his garden, and he certainly did give me very correct information as to the state of affairs and the condition of the emperor. His address was imposing and particularly agreeable. Placing confidence in

[1] Under date of April 11, 1815, Fouché writes to the respective Mayors of Dieppe, Calais and Gravelines, "I inform you, sir, that I have delivered today to Mr. Marshall a passport to go to England. I invite you to allow him to embark and even to favor his embarkment. You will also please not to oppose his return." "Archives Nationales," F 74228, U 5c, Cartin No. 86.

me — perhaps not duly estimating the extent of my curiosity — he was very communicative. In fact not a day passed, particularly after Napoleon's return from Waterloo, that I did not make some discovery through the doctor (as much from his air of mystery as from his direct admission), of Fouché's flagitious character. I hate treachery in all its ramifications; it is not, generally speaking, a French characteristic! but Fouché certainly displayed a complete personification of that vice."

"I now began to perceive my way more clearly, and redoubled my assiduity to decipher the events which passed around me. In this I was aided by increased intimacy with Colonel Macirone, whom closer acquaintance confirmed as an agreeable and gentlemanly man. I perceived that there was some plot going forward, the circumstances of which it was beyond my power to develop. The manner of the persons I lived among was perpetually undergoing some shade of variation. The mystery thickened! and my curiosity increased with it. All I could determine on at the moment was that there existed an extensive organized system of deception and treachery, at the bottom of which was undoubtedly Fouché himself! Whether, however, my acquaintances would ultimately turn against the emperor or his minister, seemed, from their political principles,

quite problematical. I meanwhile dreaded everybody, yet affected to fear none, and listened with an air of unconcern to the stories of my valet Thevenot. Subsequent occurrences rendered it manifest that this man procured, somehow or other, sure information. I did not much relish being made the depository of such dangerous secrets, yet I really dreaded dismissing him. He said that several of the cannon at Montmartre were rendered unserviceable! and that mines had been charged with gunpowder under various parts of the city, preparatory to some attempt at counter revolution."

During the Hundred Days Paris, even more than the rest of Europe, became a boiling kettle of political intrigue, a chaos momentarily devoid of well settled plans on the part of any of the numerous contending factions. Who could foretell the final issue? Napoleon at this critical period may be likened to a stately tree swaying in the tempest, a tree too lofty for its insecure attachment to the soil. Would the great tree be overturned by the ever-accelerating storm? If so, when and in what direction would it fall? Whom would it overwhelm with its descent? Who could avoid entanglement in its various disrupted roots and branches? The very air of Paris vibrated with the whispering of plotters. Each bit of news,

even each mere rumor, that reached the capital, caused some rearrangement of the numerous smoldering schemes. Vain will be any attempt to effectually unravel this tangled skein of plots and counterplots. However, the very fact that no man can intelligently thread this maze presents in itself a vivid illustration of what Paris really was in those fateful Hundred Days.

Sir Jonah continues, "The month preceding Napoleon's departure from Paris, for Belgium, the emperor became thoroughly acquainted with the intrigues of his minister; and I firmly believe that each was determined on the destruction of the other. I made up my mind on these points, not from any direct information, but from a process ycleped by our grandmothers 'spelling and putting together!' and if the reader will bear in mind the society at Dr. Marshall's, as well as the intelligence acquired by my servant Thevenot, he will not be at a loss to understand how I got my materials. Through a sister of General Le Jeune we learned all that was going on among the French up to the termination by surrender of the siege of Paris, and through Dr. Marshall and Col. Macirone I daily became acquainted with the objects of the English, as I verily believe those two gentlemen were at the same time in correspondence with both the English and French authorities."

Macirone plainly admits this dual relation in his "Faits intéressants relatif de la capitulation de Paris." France, however, had in these days virtually two governments, that of Napoleon and that of the Bourbons, the one government in temporary power, the other in temporary exile. England and Louis XVIII, although probably not formally allied, were at one in all things leading to the downfall of the much dreaded Bonaparte.

At a later date, when the allies, English, Russian and Prussian, had pretty effectually surrounded Paris, Sir Jonah remarks, "I was breakfasting in Dr. Marshall's garden when we heard a heavy firing commence. It proceeded from Charenton, about three miles from Paris, where the Russian advanced guard had attacked the bridge, which had not been broken up, although it was one of the leading avenues to the castle of Vincennes. Fouché indeed had contrived to weaken this post effectually, so that the defence there could not be long protracted; and he had also ordered ten thousand stand of arms to be taken secretly out of Paris and lodged in the castle of Vincennes. The discharges continuing in occasional volleys, like a sort of running fire, I was most anxious to go to some spot which would command that part of the country; but the doctor

dissuaded me, saying it *could* not be a severe or lengthened struggle, as Fouché had taken care of that matter. I led him gradually into conversation on the business, and he made known to me, though equivocally, much more than I had ever suspected. Every step which might operate to prevent the allies from approaching Paris after the second abdication had been defeated by secret instructions from Fouché."

"At Dr. Marshall's hotel (residence) one morning, I remarked his travelling carriage as if put in preparation for a journey, having candles in the lamps, etc. A smith had been examining it, and the servants were all in motion. I suspected some movement of consequence, but could not surmise what. The doctor did not appear to think that I had observed these preparations.

On a sudden, while walking in the garden, I turned short on him. 'Doctor,' said I, at a venture, 'you are going on an important journey tonight.'

'How do you know?' said he, thrown off his guard by the abruptness of my remark.

'Well,' continued I, smiling, 'I wish you well out of it.'

'Out of what?' exclaimed he, recovering his self-possession and sounding me in his turn.

'Oh, no matter, no matter,' said I, with a

significant nod, as if I was already acquainted with his proceedings.

"This bait took in some degree; and after a good deal of fencing (knowing that he could fully depend on my secrecy), the Doctor led me into his study, where he said he would communicate to me a very interesting and important matter. He then unlocked his desk, and produced an especial passport for himself and his secretary to Havre de Grace, then to embark for England; and he showed me a very large and also a smaller bag of gold, which he was about to take with him.

"He proceeded to inform me that it was determined Napoleon should go to England; that he had himself agreed to it; and that he (Napoleon) was to travel in Dr. Marshall's carriage, as his secretary, under the above mentioned passport. It was arranged that, at twelve o'clock that night, the emperor with the Queen of Holland were to be at Marshall's house, and to set off thence immediately; that on arriving in England he was forthwith to repair to London, preceded by a letter to the Prince Regent, stating that he threw himself on the protection and generosity of the British nation and required permission to reside therein as a private individual.

"The thing seemed to me too romantic to be serious; and the Doctor could not avoid perceiv-

ing my incredulity. He, however, enjoined me to secrecy, which by-the-by was unnecessary; I mentioned the circumstance, and should have mentioned it, only to one member of my family, whom I knew to be as cautious as myself. But I determined to ascertain the fact; and before twelve o'clock at night repaired to the Rue Pigale, and stood up underneath a door somewhat further on on the opposite side of the street to Dr. Marshall's house."

"A strong light shone through the curtains of the first floor windows, and lights were also moving about in the upper story. The court meantime was quite dark, and the indications altogether bespoke that something extraordinary was going forward in the house. Every moment I expected to see Napoleon come to the gate. He came not; but about half after twelve, an elderly officer buttoned up in a blue surtout rode up to the porte-cochère, which, on his ringing, was instantly opened. He went in, and after remaining about twenty minutes, came out on horseback as before, and went down the street. I thought he might have been a precursor, and still kept my ground until, some time after, the light in the first floor was extinguished; and thence inferring what subsequently proved to be the real state of the case, I returned home disappointed."

"Next day Dr. Marshall told me that Napoleon had been dissuaded from venturing to Havre de Grace — he believed by the Queen of Holland. Some idea had occurred to either him or her that he might not be fairly dealt with on the road. I own the same suspicion had struck me when I first heard of the plot, though I was far from implicating the doctor in any proceeding of a decidedly treacherous nature. The incident was, however, in all its bearings, an extraordinary one."

About this time Queen Hortense, like Fouché, had her apartments in the Rue Cerutti, so her warning to Napoleon may have resulted from some chance discovery. Indeed Fouché himself describes a secret door to his garden and a ladder attached to a wall contiguous to the hotel of Queen Hortense.

Sir Jonah continues, "My intimacy with Dr. Marshall at length ceased, and in a manner very disagreeable. I like him, and I do not wish to hurt his feelings, but certain mysterious intimations thrown out by his lady terminated our connection.

A person with whom I was extremely intimate happened to be in my drawing room one day when Mrs. Marshall called. I observed nothing of a particular character, except that Mrs. Mar-

shall went suddenly away; and as I handed her into her carriage, she said, 'You promised to dine with us tomorrow, and I requested you to bring any friend you liked; but do not let it be that fellow I have just seen. I have taken a great dislike to his countenance!' No further observation was made, and the lady departed.

On the next morning I received a note from Mrs. Marshall, stating that she had reason to know some malicious person had represented me as being acquainted with certain affairs very material for the Government to understand, and as having papers in my possession which might be required from me by the Minister Fouché; advising me therefore to leave town for a while sooner than be troubled respecting business so disagreeable; adding that, in the meantime, Colonel Macirone would endeavor to find out the facts, and apprise me of them.

I never was more surprised in my life than at the receipt of this letter. I had never meddled at all in French politics, save to hear and see all I could, and say nothing. I neither held nor had held any political papers whatever; and I therefore immediately went to Sir Charles Stuart, our ambassador, made my complaints, and requested His Excellency's personal interference. To my surprise Sir Charles in reply asked me how I

could chance to know such a person as Macirone. I did not feel pleased at this, and answered somewhat tartly! 'Because both the English and French governments, and His Excellency to boot, had not only intercourse with, but had employed Macirone in both Italy and Paris; and that I knew him to be at that moment in communication with persons of the highest respectability in both countries.' " Evidently Sir Jonah was making a rather free use of the information he picked up in the Doctor's garden. "Sir Charles then wrote a note to Fouché informing him who I was, and I finally discovered it was all a scheme of Mrs. Marshall for a purpose of her own. This led me to other investigations and further communication with Dr. Marshall on my part became impossible. I certainly regretted the circumstance, for he was a gentlemanly and intelligent man."

The diarist remained some time in Paris, but no further mention of the Marshalls appears in his published works.

At the time of the Charenton affair, when the three allied armies, English, Russian and Prussian, were converging on Paris, Napoleon had near him about one hundred and ten thousand troops, personally devoted to him and burning to revenge the fatal reverse at Waterloo, but on this occa-

sion his great energies proved unequal to the task of fighting simultaneously with the foe in front and the foe behind; consequently he fell into a lamentable state of irresolution, occasionally verging on apathy. Although the dark and subtle Fouché chiefly engineered this outcome, the indications are that he would have encountered great difficulty had Dr. Marshall's political and personal views and obligations in the matter not largely coincided with his own. Marshall gave personal assurances, almost guarantees, as will later appear, to Lord Castlereagh and to Wellington, that Fouché would not evade performance of various things agreed upon. Had Fouché broken faith with Marshall it might have meant a sad and sudden end to various pet schemes of the adroit minister.

Chapter VII

IN THE AFTERMATH OF WATERLOO

Dr. Marshall's true position in affairs was never known to Sir Jonah, notwithstanding their intimate association. Sir Jonah judged from appearances, and, as an intense admirer of Napoleon, he construed these appearances most strongly against his friend. Nor was he entitled by his own immaculate conduct to search very closely for motes in the eyes of his neighbors, for he was ultimately obliged to leave the British Isles by reason of certain irregularities connected with the court in Ireland over which he was a presiding justice. As we have seen, Marshall, almost immediately on his arrival in Paris in January 1815, became a personal confidential agent of Louis XVIII. Shortly afterwards, Louis having talked the matter over with Sir Charles Stuart, he was evidently chosen to act also on behalf of, or with the full knowledge of, the British Government in various matters that it seemed unwise to negotiate openly through the ordinary diplomatic channels. The Doctor was ambitious. So was his wife. Had this personally attractive lady been content to assist in their joint and legitimate in-

trigues, without initiating independent complications of her own, the Doctor's existence would have passed more smoothly.

In analyzing Dr. Marshall's motives and accounting for his Bourbonic enthusiasm, it is to be remembered that Napoleon had summarily deposed the Doctor's early benefactor, Ferdinand of Naples; and that Ferdinand's daughter, the Princess Maria Amelia, had in 1809 married the Duke of Orleans, afterwards King Louis Philippe. Yet Bonaparte also must have been generally friendly to Marshall, otherwise he would not have given snuffboxes and other nice things to his children. The weight of evidence is that the Doctor favored, providing the British Government could be induced to consent, a safe removal of the Emperor to England with the Emperor's full concurrence, and that Fouché, the depth of whose treachery no man could fathom, had, in the matter of the midnight episode described by Sir Jonah, underplotted him and arranged an attack on the carriage on its way to Havre de Grace. Had such an assault been made Dr. Marshall would probably have perished then and there with his mighty "secretary." Dead men tell no tales. Napoleon, after wavering between various plans, had, as is well known, decided to cast himself on the generosity of the British Government,

if such a course was possible. Fouché had some wild expectation of making himself regent of France, although this could only be accomplished by an exact balancing of power between his numerous enemies. Friends he had none. It has been said of this extraordinary man that he despised even success, unless the fruit of evasion and perfidy.

An extraordinarily voluminous correspondence was carried on at this time between the various factions and parties interested in a European settlement. When a writer was in a safe place, such as London or Vienna, he could safely defy detection resulting from the capture or misdelivery of his dispatches. Not so, however, with those who, like Marshall and Macirone, were in the very storm-center, in Paris itself. The dungeons of the various fortresses had space for more tenants, and the guillotine, too, was yet in serviceable condition. Some persons among those most dangerously placed signed their letters, by prearrangement, as correspondent A or B, but as far as the evidence goes Marshall and Macirone, and those in their confidence, confined themselves to an occasional interchange of initials. In fact Marshall's relations with all the contending factions were such that, although in certain eventualities he might have had to remove pretty

hastily from Paris, and to abandon his house and belongings to the despoiler, he ran no great personal risk from such authorities as acted openly and within their legitimate sphere. Two things certainly tended to disturb his equanimity. His lady might at any time involve him in some little side plot of her own invention, and the stealthy Duke of Otranto, in view of what Marshall knew, might consider it his best policy to arrange a funeral for him.

While Dr. Marshall himself, after his preliminary trips to England, is not known to have traveled far from Paris in the course of these deep and delicate political manipulations, his irrepressible and charming lady journeyed at least once to the immediate seat of war. She attended the celebrated ball given by the Duchess of Richmond in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo, although her name does not appear in the first list of invitations, taking with her her little son William,[1] although the child was then but seven years of age.

Much light is thrown on Marshall's activities by the following letters written by him to Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington after Waterloo.

[1] William A. J. M.—— was appointed to the 8th Bengal Infantry in 1826. He was engaged at the capture of Martaban, the storming of Rangoon, the capture of Prome, and the capture of Pegu, and was several times mentioned in dispatches. He was appointed Adjutant-General of the Bengal Army in 1857.

"Paris 28 June 1815 11 o'clock

My Lord Duke

With this your Lordship will receive a dispatch written by the express desire of the Duke d'Otranto, and which will be delivered to your Grace by Mr. Macirone. I have now to request your Grace to pay particular attention to the note I sent off this evening, in which I informed you that the Canal of St. Denis was not finished, that the inundations were not completed, and incapable of impeding the march of an army! that the road from St. Denis to Paris was in many places sheltered from the cannon of Montmartre (false attack), that the road by the waterside (Towing path) was completely free from danger; the road through the wood from St. Germain, by which Malmaison was evaded, was safe! that passing the bridge of Neuilly, and marching to the Barrière de l'Étoile and Barrière des Bons Hommes, and over the pont de Jena to the École Militaire, would give the command of Paris without endangering a man, and that there is nothing to fear in that quarter.

This afternoon ten pieces of artillery, with their ammunition waggons and about 200 of the old Guard, entered Paris. There may be from 200 to 300 troops of the line in Paris. All those who returned from the battle have been sent off

to Soissons. There are about 25,000 or at most 30,000 of the National Guards! They are with the present government and for Louis. D'Otrante is with them. Your Grace may most fully depend upon him; he only requires that you should be explicit, and there is nothing that he can do which your Grace may point out which he is not ready to undertake.

He hopes that the march of the British troops may be accelerated, and that they may arrive as speedily as possible. Your Grace will have the goodness to write explicitly by the bearer (Macirone) who may be depended upon. Paris is now (11 o'clock P.M.) quiet and tranquil. Many country people have come in with their goods and cattle etc. Some symptoms of disturbance have appeared in the Faubourg St. Antoine this afternoon, but all is now quiet. Buonaparte is at Malmaison, where he says he intends to stay till his future destination is fixed. Jerome Buonaparte is in Paris, at the hotel of Cardinal Fésch, his uncle. Joseph is also in Paris. Lucien, it is said, is gone to Neuilly with his daughter.

I enclose the (Moniteur) of today.

I have the honour to remain your Graces most obedient servant. ✝. Marshall."[1]

[1] As Dr. Marshall in writing often crossed the letter J in the old-fashioned way the editor of this correspondence mistakenly copied his names "F. Marshall."

No sooner was this letter sent, and the messenger beyond recall, than the Doctor and his associates became considerably perturbed. Was it not possible that the English army, not to mention the Russian and the Prussian, might arrive too soon, and, being unpledged to any particular course, take some wholly unexpected action detrimental to various little arrangements of their own? Marshall, with feverish haste, dispatches this other letter to Wellington, dated only one-half hour later than the preceding one.

"Paris 28th June 1815, ½ past 11 P.M.

My Lord Duke

I am authorized by the Duke d'Otranto to address the present dispatch to your Grace, and to express the very high sentiments he entertains for your Lordship, in which he trusts you will place the most implicit reliance.

He requests to know why the Allied Powers still continue hostilities now that Buonaparte has abdicated the throne, and has no longer a voice in any act of government; what object they propose to themselves to attain by this, and what can be their intention in continuing the war?

To these questions a frank and ingenuous answer is requested. Every possible concession that a free nation can make will be granted; and the Duke d'Otranto, in the name of the French

government, pledges himself to deliver up Buonaparte in any way that may be most suitable to the views of the British government.

I am further authorized to say that your Grace's early answer will be esteemed a favour of the greatest importance; and that, as an Englishman, your word will be considered as a sufficient guarantee for any proposition you may be pleased to make.

I have the honour to remain, my Lord Duke, Your Grace's most obedient servant.

J. Marshall."

We cannot tell to what extent these letters influenced Wellington. On the date of their receipt, June 29, the Duke issued orders for a continuance of the advance.

"Instructions June 29th 1815

The British Cavalry will move upon Pont Maxence in the following order, etc." (Detailed instructions follow to the various brigades)

On July 3 the vain and irrepressible Macirone thus writes to Wellington from the advanced post at Bourget, "My Lord Duke — The dispatch which I send your Grace is merely ostensible. I have a verbal communication to make. Fouché and Davoust engage to send the army (French) from Paris to occupy any position your Grace will point out at any distance from Paris. I earn-

estly pray you will allow me to repair to headquarters, in order that you may perfectly understand my mission, which is a far more important one than I had when I had the honour of dining with your Grace last Wednesday."

Fouché, also, made his private appeals, and personally reminded Wellington of his negotiation through Marshall (hereinafter mentioned) of the twentieth of March, by which the Allies agreed to consent to any form of French government, so that Napoleon was left out; but Wellington insisted that this agreement was conditional on his, d'Otranto's, not aiding Napoleon, and that he had aided him (the wily plotter had far too many irons in the fire), so the Allies would now reinstate Louis XVIII. Thereupon d'Otranto, not seeing any regency for himself in immediate prospect, hastily and cleverly made terms with the eighteenth Louis, who, by the way, was at this very time following slowly in the rear of the allied armies.

After the restoration Macirone found himself in a sea of troubles, due largely to a suspicion of his connivance in Murat's escape from Corsica. He bitterly complained that the title of "Baron" which had been conferred upon him during the Hundred Days, had been repudiated, although similar titles received in the same period, possibly

including Marshall's, had been confirmed. M. Decazes, then Minister of Police, committed him successively to the prisons of the Conciergerie and the Abbey. He was liberated by the efforts of Sir Charles Stuart, who, notwithstanding the remarks that had so ruffled Sir Jonah, evidently considered himself and his Government under obligation to the unfortunate man. After his liberation Decazes ordered him to leave France and Sir Charles also urged his speedy departure. "From the hasty confusion in which I was compelled to leave Paris," he says, "I sustained a considerable loss in addition to those I have enumerated, to the amount of £2,800; my carriage, a quantity of valuable harness and saddlery I left in the care of Dr. Marshall, who undertook to dispose of them for me; but as to proceeds I have never seen or heard of a farthing from that day to this — Amen." Evidently the articles in question were so quickly seized by his creditors, or by Decazes, who had intimated a desire to retain them, that Dr. Marshall never had a chance to test his abilities as a vendor of carriages. King Joachim Napoleon had sometime previously given Macirone a note for many thousands of pounds. Macirone contended that this note was to enable him to make purchases in the northern capitals for the personal use of Queen Caroline, the Em-

peror Napoleon's sister; but the suspicious French authorities, having other ideas about it, seized the document to await due inquiry into the real consideration. After much correspondence the Government finally returned the note to Macirone with an extremely polite apology for its detention; but in the meantime, before the payee could cash it, it pounced upon the deposit in the bank against which the note or bill of exchange was drawn. Whatever the merits of this particular controversy Macirone was in financial trouble with everybody, even including his deceased father's partners in Blackheath. The restless man, when thoroughly extinguished politically, spent his declining years in attempting to perfect steam carriages, and other automobiles, a much safer and saner occupation than he had ever engaged in before.

The following is the memorandum, known as the "Negociation Marshall," and herein previously mentioned.

"ARCHIVES OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
(France — Vol. 1801)
(Document 13.)

Note.

M. Marchall, Englishman, who has just fulfilled a mission at Paris on behalf of the Prince Regent, has been to see the Duke of Otranto before re-

turning to London. He asked him if he thought that the Emperor Napoleon, who had just disembarked at Cannes, would succeed in re-ascending the throne. The Duke replied that he was convinced of it, that nothing could prevent it.

The Duke inquired, in his turn, of Mr. Marchall, if propositions on behalf of the Emperor Napoleon would be agreeable to the English Government. The latter without hesitation charged himself with the success of any negotiation honorable to the two countries, provided that someone was sent to him with (the necessary) powers and a credit.

The Duke of Otranto promised to send a courier to M. Marchall to advise (or warn) him of the arrival at Paris of the Emperor Napoleon.

Paris 20 Mars, 1815."

Houssaye, the most painstaking historian of the Hundred Days and the Bourbon restoration, describes substantially as follows the series of events to which the "Negociation Marshall" relates.

About March 19, 1815, Fouché, who was acting as foreign minister, had had an interview with Dr. Marshall, "a British subject living in Paris, and a friend of Wellington," and, anticipating the intentions of the Emperor, he had assured "The confident of the Prince Regent" that the new

imperial government would be entirely peaceful. Two days later, Marshall having returned to England, after having promised to exert himself to maintain peace, Fouché sent this letter to him. "The Emperor arrived in Paris amidst the acclaim of the entire population of the departments through which he travelled. The Bourbons can never speak for France. Napoleon alone can guarantee the great interests of the nation and all the situations born of the Revolution. I am authorized to tell you that the Emperor is disposed to receive from the British Government any suitable proposal which will assure a solid and durable peace between the two countries. You can therefore act with confidence in that direction." There does not seem to have been any response to these overtures.

Before Marshall left for England Fouché had discussed with him the chances Napoleon had of maintaining his position, and had "sounded the disposition of England toward the restored Empire. Marshall had hesitated, saying that he was himself charged with the success of any honourable negotiation between the two countries, provided some one would send him definite powers to negotiate and credentials."

"With triumphant pride the Duke d'Otrante, to whom the Emperor had, on 20th March, re-

fused the direction of foreign affairs, thus found himself authorized to negotiate with foreign powers on the 21st, especially with the cabinet of St. James, whose friendly attention had brought disgrace on him in 1810." Liable to the worst suspicions and always on the point of being exposed, he continued to multiply his plots. Although officially charged by the Emperor to communicate the results of his interviews with Marshall he suppressed all mention of the various private dispatches he was sending by Colonel Macirone to Wellington, and by other agents to Lord Lansdowne, Talleyrand and Count Metternich at Vienna.

Throughout the negotiations Dr. Marshall worked strenuously for the Bourbon restoration, as for him the return of the old régime meant every advancement. From a regency under Fouché he had everything to lose, possibly even his liberty and his life. In March Fouché did not dare to break openly with Napoleon, fearing an ultimate arrangement between the Emperor and the monarchial allies; in April, after his negotiations with Lord Lansdowne had shown the impossibility of such an arrangement, his greatest care was to undermine the Emperor without forfeiting his own life; before Waterloo he publicly took the oath of allegiance to Napoleon, not dar-

ing to do otherwise; and after the loss of the great battle he made several plans to assassinate his former master, one of which in all probability was by an attack on Dr. Marshall's carriage. Concealing his betrayals as best he might he "talked and discussed," says Guizot, "at the end of a regime with all its possible heirs, like an indifferent doctor at the bed of a hopeless patient."

Chapter VIII

AFTER THE RESTORATION

With Bonaparte in St. Helena and the old régime restored in France Dr. Marshall's various royal patrons had somewhat less need of services such as those in which the Doctor had displayed so much proficiency. This worthy practitioner might reasonably have been expected to take a well earned rest; to subside quietly into the ordinary channels of social and professional life; but his was an active brain, stimulated by no common excitements, so he preferred to remain a confidential agent of Louis, and probably of the Regent as well; and continued to become involved in great affairs, and to be more of an enigma than ever, even to those best able to observe his motions.

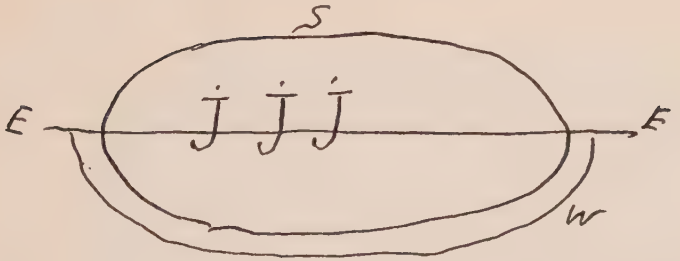
Fouché, Duc d'Otrante, had become entirely discredited and was rapidly approaching his fall. Regarding this event the Comtesse de Boigne, under date of December 1815, records the following episode: "Dr. Marshall came to me one morning with a letter. The letter was addressed to Fouché, who was then in Belgium, and contained, he said, not only details concerning a plot which was in progress against the Government of the

King, but also the cypher by which the correspondence might be decoded. He did not wish to entrust so important a piece of evidence to any one but my father, and in his absence to myself. He said that he was watched, and might fear the worst if he went near the Tuileries or entered any minister's office."

"Notwithstanding the fact that his revelations had hitherto produced little effect, he was anxious to perform this service to the King for the reason that he was aware of the attachment of the Prince Regent to the King. I urged him in vain to apply to the Duc de Duras; as upon a former occasion, he refused absolutely."

"The letter," he said, "is so sealed as to require the greatest cleverness to open it. You can do with it as you please, and do nothing if you like. I will come and fetch it back tomorrow morning."

"He then went out, leaving it on my table. I was greatly embarrassed thus to be left with this important document in my hands. I can still see it before me. It was a packet of some size, without any envelope, although it obviously contained more than one sheet. It was sealed with a white wafer, half of which projected from the cover, upon which three J's had been drawn in this manner.



E, edge of paper. W, wafer used as seal.
S, seal drawn in ink.

I knew what importance my father had attached to documents which Marshall had formerly procured. It was impossible to ask for advice under conditions which demanded secrecy before all things. After mature reflection, I made up my mind; I drove to the Tuileries, and asked to see the Duc de Duras. He came down and entered my carriage. I told him what had happened, and gave him the letter for the King. The King had gone for a drive, and would not be back for several hours. The Duc de Duras thought the best course was to take the letter to the Duc de Richelieu, and to this I consented. The Duc de Richelieu received us in the coldest manner, and told me that no one in his office had any special capacity for opening letters. Thereupon I felt angry, and told him that this capacity was apparently no more to be found in my rooms than in his office; that my responsibility was great, and

that in my opinion it could only be removed from myself by the transference of this document to competent hands. This object had been fulfilled, and when the man, whose name I could not mention, returned the next day, I should tell him that the letter had been left with one of the King's ministers. M. de Richelieu wished to give it back to me; I refused to take it. We separated in a state of mutual vexation."

"Two hours afterwards, M. de Herbouville, then Postmaster General, brought me back the letter with overwhelming expressions of gratitude. The letter had been opened and its importance recognized. M. de Decazes, the Minister of Police, called upon me twice in the evening without finding me at home. The next day my chambermaid came in and told me that M. d'Herbouville was waiting to see me in order to explain that the information secured the evening before had made him earnestly desirous to meet the man who had procured it. M. de Decazes begged me to use every means in my power for this purpose."

"Marshall arrived at the appointed time, and I gave him the message, as I had been asked. He raised numerous objections, but eventually mentioned a spot where he might be met by chance. I never saw him again. He had a fine

CHATEAU AT VILLE D'AVRAY

face, an easy flow of language, and the whole appearance of a gentleman. He was, moreover, a character. I remember one point which struck me. He had told me that the seal of the letter would be closely examined by the person to whom he was to hand it. When I returned it to him, he pointed out that the lower part of the J's drawn upon the wafer outside the cover had been smeared by the operation of opening the letter.

"It will be necessary," he added, "to take desperate measures."

I asked him what these were.

"I shall deliver the letter in broad daylight near a window, and I shall not take my eyes off the recipient, but will hold him in conversation until the letter is unfastened. He will not venture to examine it while I thus keep his attention fixed. I have always found this method successful."

From time to time the Doctor became active in a curious variety of things. On the twenty-fourth of June 1816, the Duke of Wellington, then military administrator in Paris, writes to Viscount Castlereagh as follows:

"My dear Lord

Mr. Marshall, whom you know, and who has not been near me for several months, called on me yesterday, and gave me the enclosed paper,

which I told him I should send to you. He said amongst other things that he was in constant communication with the King (Louis XVIII), and that it was the King who desired him to give me the intelligence which the paper contains.

You know best what credit you ought to give to the intelligence itself. I have not yet been able to discover whether Marshall does or does not see the King three times a week, as he says! Sir Charles Stuart does not know.

(Enclosure) Ever, etc.

Wellington."

The enclosure relates to an alleged secret agreement between Russia and America, by which Russia may occupy four ports on the Pacific Ocean at her choice, as soon as America (United States) has possession of Mexico and California. Russia is to assist America in case of any European entanglement arising out of the agreement.

In the period when the political kettle boiled most furiously Count Jullian conducted through Marshall a lengthy correspondence with Lord Castlereagh. The Doctor appears to have placed this correspondence, contained in no less than thirteen packets, in the custody of M. Stace at Woolwich. Subsequently the Count had negotiations with Sir Charles Stuart in his efforts to re-

cover it. Under date of December 11, 1816 Sir Charles wrote[1] to Hamilton regarding these packets, which were agreed to be of no small importance, and therein spoke of a vain endeavor on his part to ascertain with what branch of the English Government the Doctor had been in communication. "I think, " he says, "Dr. Marshall was at one time physician to Lord Hertford."

For a long period after the Bourbon Restoration the foreign embassies in Paris were kept under surveillance by the French political police, and the servants of the ambassadors bribed whenever possible. An account of this is given by Ernest Daudet in his "La Police Politique." Among those who found pecuniary offers too tempting to resist was Alonzo, valet de chambre to Sir Charles Stuart, the British Ambassador. Alonzo mentioned Dr. Marshall, with others, as agents of the embassy,[2] and describes the difficulty of obtaining access to important documents owing to the vigilance of one Dr. Ritchie, who seems to have been their chief custodian. Vigorous retaliatory measures were carried on by the embassies. "It is certain," quotes Daudet from

[1] The great majority of French histories and memoirs are without indexes, and so numerous that efficient search for merely casual references becomes impossible.

[2] The British Embassy was situated in the Faubourg St. Honore, just where it is today. Wellington acquired the building from Princess Pauline Borghese, a sister of Napoleon, in 1814.

a police record, "that the reports sent by the various ministers to His Majesty (Louis XVIII) are transmitted at once to the English Ambassador. A baroness, who stands very near the King, sends copies of all the reports, even the most secret, to an Englishman who has lived a long time in France. This person forwards them directly to His Excellency." Apparently Dr. Marshall was this intermediary, but, as his name is not expressly mentioned, he is entitled to the familiar Scottish verdict —"not proven." Daudet informs us that this mutal distrust and espionage lasted until the year 1820.

Chapter IX

DR. MARSHALL REAPS AS HE HAS SOWN

After 1820 the story of Dr. Marshall partly rests, so far as yet unearthed, in old letters, and in the statements of persons now long deceased. He resolved to destroy such documentary evidence of a political nature as it was unsafe to retain; and one of his sons, long years afterwards, described a stormy night at Versailles, when the Doctor and some of his former allies gathered together, sorted out documents they considered it unwise to keep, and burned the same in an open fire. By this act, we fear, much interesting history went up in smoke.

In 1830 came the Doctor's complaint or petition to Count Molé, previously mentioned, wherein he says, "The Minister of the Interior reduced my pension to two thousand francs a month. Knowing the intimacy which existed between myself and Mr. Canning (afterwards Prime Minister of England) I was begged to go to London and put myself under the orders of the Ambassador. I was lucky enough to render several essential services, and my acquaintance with foreign affairs put me in a useful situation.

But my allowance, being paid by the Minister of the Interior, who could not know of my past and present services, has been reduced by him at different times." Then follows the prayer of the complaint, "It is desired that, taking into consideration the nature of his services, the great danger he has had to run in rendering them, during a considerable space of time, and also the loss of his position as physician, which was the only means he had to meet the needs of his family of twelve children, who are at this moment under his charge, and the nature of the services which he still at present renders, you will return to him a part of the pension of which he has been deprived, and that it will be proportional to his services already rendered and to those he will yet render." Considering Dr. Marshall's ambition and versatility, as well as his luxurious mode of living, it seems improbable that his income was at any time solely derived from the French monarchs. The British Government, or such of its ministers as Castlereagh and Canning, probably made at odd times very substantial contributions.

As European politics gradually cooled down from the white heat of the Napoleonic era occasion for hazardous intrigue also diminished. Consequently the Doctor's days passed rather more

smoothly. For a time he is said to have tutored one of the younger children of Louis Philippe. He wore on special occasions the title of Baron d'Avray of Ville d'Avray, notwithstanding that another family made claim to this honor since 1780. Count d'Avaray, the favorite of Louis XVIII, who died in 1809, was unrelated. The Doctor's eldest son Joseph also became Baron d'Avray on his father's death, and was created a Chevalier de St. Louis; but on becoming poor, as a result of a too lavish expenditure on himself, combined with a praiseworthy charity towards his sisters, he wisely dropped these titles, except on very special occasions, a renunciation for which he was personally rebuked by His Majesty, King Louis Philippe.

Although conflicting titular honors frequently prove bones of contention, a commendable spirit of amity seems to have prevailed in this case, as is evidenced by the fact that, when the Doctor's daughter Dorothy was married in the old church of St. Roch in Paris, the favorite church of Maria Amelia, the daughter of Ferdinand, two witnesses to the ceremony bore the family name of the older d'Avray creation. Cordial relations also apparently existed between the Doctor's family and that of Napoleon's old marshal, Macdonald, Duke de Tarente; in fact, the only lady to attach

her signature to Dorothy's marriage record was Alexandrine, Marchioness de Rochedragon, one of Macdonald's daughters. Had the Doctor's endeavors in regard to Napoleon been in any respect other than honorable, such an intimacy, private and social as it was, could hardly have existed.

Dr. Marshall — we like the old familiar appellation — and his interesting lady now lived largely apart, and each in a very luxurious way; she in Clarges Street in Piccadilly, then a very fashionable locality, in Manchester Square, and in her own house in Kensington; he usually within hail of the Palace of Versailles. Canning, a short time Prime Minister of England, proved a good friend to both of them. Political projects such as these worthies apparently indulged in, especially when their accomplishment largely depended upon the premature ending of a dynasty, should never be carried on independently by two persons under one roof. Elizabeth, so fair and freakish, survived the Doctor, and died in London on the ninth of October 1847.

Louis Philippe's friendship for Marshall, although evidenced only in a quiet way, exceeded that of Louis XVIII and of Ferdinand. Perhaps his Queen had something to do with this. Did not the Doctor, when first in Naples, apply the Jennerian preventive not only to her but to all the

JOSEPH MARSHALL D'AVRAY, 2D

members of the royal family? His extraordinary reception by Neapolitan royalty in 1801 might almost lead believers in the occult to think that he had added some strange ingredient to the lymph he used, after consultation around the simmering caldron with the famous witch of Vesuvius.

The Marshall children, rapidly growing up, delighted, when they were on the French side of the channel, in the picturesque parks or forests adjacent to Ville d'Avray as well as in those around Meudon, where also the Doctor at one time had a residence. Many were the pranks they played. On one occasion, as a punishment for these, Dr. Marshall compelled his eldest son Joseph (late Superintendent of Education in the Province of New Brunswick)[1] and his stepson William (afterwards Colonel M—— of the Bengal army) to sit for an hour or so on two cocoanuts, which must have proved rather uncomfortable and wobbly seats, informing them with great gravity that if they sat there long enough they

[1] For a number of years after Dr. Marshall's decease the British authorities, possibly recognizing an obligation to his family by reason of his diplomatic services, proved instrumental in providing situations for his children. In October 1847 Earl Grey writes to Sir William Colebrook, Governor of New Brunswick, "I have offered the situation of superintendent to a gentleman (M. d'Avray) who is in every respect qualified to discharge the duties. On account of the very high character he bears, and knowing his attainments, I shall be happy in being instrumental to his establishment in New Brunswick. It would be exceedingly difficult to find a person so well qualified."

would "hatch monkeys." To avoid acting while in anger the Doctor usually postponed a punishment, and named the day and hour when the delinquent would receive it. Not infrequently his methods of youthful training became strenuous. He tossed young William out of a boat into the cool pellucid waters of the Lake of Geneva, remarking: "A growing boy should learn to swim. I will see that nothing untoward happens." The faithful old servant, Prospére, attended the boys in their rambles; and when Joseph, long years afterwards, lay dying amid the scenes of his new life in America he suddenly sat up in bed, his wandering thoughts returning to the halcyon days about Paris, and asked, "Has Prospére brought the lunch basket?" Upon his decease his grief-oppressed widow immediately destroyed without examination the contents of an old chest, known to contain among other things certain packages of letters carefully labeled, "These are very important." Except for this ill-considered act, which the wife of the local rector, who was present, attempted vainly to prevent, our little biography would be considerably longer.

Joseph the son, however, before becoming a sedate supervisor of youthful education, and as long as the contents of his father's then ample purse were partly at his disposal, entered heart

and soul into the convivial life that then prevailed in the select circles of Normandy. So very merry was this life, so unusual from our more prosaic modern viewpoint, that we cannot refrain from quoting from a letter of his friend, J. de Vere. The letter is addressed from Montreuil Sur Mer to the Baron d'Avray, Neville Cottage, Abbey Road, London, in October 1841, and the writer, after commending Joseph for "the sweet delicious morsels that used to evaporate from his brain under the influence of the little brown jug" and lamenting that in a recent illness he no longer had "the dear old doctor's (Dr. Marshall's) kindly aid," proceeds as follows,

"Though I know we must, chacun à son tour, go to grass with our teeth upward, yet I stick to a roaring merry life so long as it shall please the Lord to let me have it. The little chateau I have is quite isolated and in the centre of the finest preserves. My neighbours consist of very rich old French nobility, the Count de Courset, Count de Jorsi, Barons de Campigneulle, de Longville, de Villemaret, de Longvilliers, d'Herbinghen,—family men and good fellows, rigid on the score of their old *noblesse*. As all these bucks have discovered that my family came over with the Conqueror of course I am one of them and cut all that they cut. We spend our time delightfully,—lots

of parties, oceans of champagne. Five out of seven days we are out. I give a few parties, but as my father has cut me for my marriage I am anxiously awaiting my heritage, and then, when they come to England, will show them what is trumps. As they know this they do not expect me to do as they do. All are very rich. They are vastly taken with my little wife.

When hunting begins I have a horse always sent for me, but the devil a bit will he jump. That the Frenchman cannot understand. I nearly killed one by the attempt. By aid of whip and spur I got him up to a hurdle—horse, hurdle and self all came down together in a heap on the other side. They say a light heel, merry hand and lively faith in God's mercy will carry you over anything. Not so here—it requires a forty horse-power engine to get the cattle along, and then one risks getting shot by some other chap, for they are so encumbered with their horns and double barrelled guns that when they want to blow one they frequently send off the other. I got my cap full of shot holes the other day by this means.

There is a rather pretty widow here, who is not like the Hindoo widows when they lose their husbands; also an old English captain, R. N., whose cheeks are so thin that they seem happier than Pyramis and Thisbe, who kissed each other

inside without any separation, and his face is garnished on each side by a half-starved whisker, which seems scarcely able to maintain itself amid the general decay. But then his wife — Oh Lord, Oh Lord, she is comparable to nothing but a filet of veal on castors. There is another English family, and with a very pretty girl in it — very obliging and 'good natured.' Old One-pound-One and I are friends again. I love him dearly. I thought one night I could not do better than make his coachman tipsy, which I did. The man capsized the carriage over a deep ditch, filled with l'eau douce, and nearly did the old fellows affairs for him. Thirteen shillings and four-pence paid us a visit last week, but I came home very late one night and — well, we have not been very good friends since then. My dear little wife is very good and not jealous. If the old boy forks out an additional, which he generally does, I shall be in England this winter, when we shall shake hands and 'laugh at gilded butterflies.' By the by I am only known as 'de Vere.' My love to Lady Emma (Joseph's wife). Yours à pied et à cheval —J. de Vere."

Such was rural Normandy in the palmy days of Louis Philippe.

Dr. Marshall, among his other adventures, fought a duel. As for the cause of it — cherchez

la femme. By agreement the Doctor aimed for his opponent's arm, the opponent for the Doctor's leg. The wherefore of such peculiar arrangements does not appear. Each bullet reached its destination, and the Doctor's adversary, whose identity unfortunately is not established, presently lost his arm. Years afterward, trouble developed in the Doctor's old wound. A Parisian specialist found things in a bad way and gave him no hope. As a direct, although long delayed, result of this unique combat Dr. Marshall passed from life on the ninth day of January 1838. *Requiescat in pace.*

The old house in the Rue Pigalle remains today (1926) as it was in 1815, a fine spacious mansion in the style of Louis XVI. Even the house numbers are unchanged on this side of the street. The adjoining garden, also fronting on the street, became the property of Augustin Eugène Scribe, the noted dramatic author, who erected a mansion on the rear portion of it, and whose heirs are yet in possession. If, however, the departed spirits of Sir Jonah and of the somewhat mysterious Doctor ever flit about these premises in the pale moonlight, they find the situation sufficiently unchanged to recall the many convivial gatherings and curious happenings of the Hundred Days.

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